

MAY.

SARTAIN'S

Union Magazine

of
Literature &

ART.

Mrs C. M. Kirkland & Prof. John S. Hart,
EDITORS.



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May.

LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1851.

No. 5.

LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

MAY.

BY HENRIETTE A. HADRY.

"Merry, ever merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shades, and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping-locked, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festooned with the dewy vine:
Merry, ever merry May,
Would that thou couldst last for aye!"

THE best annals of the months, we find in the pages of the poets. The different phases of nature, that in turn peculiarly mark these succeeding daughters of the year, are most faithfully and most fittingly recorded in melodious verse. It seems an ungracious task to note down the signs and tokens of their loveliness in commonplace prose; in truth, it cannot be done successfully; for the writer discoursing so well as to enchain a reader's attention on such a theme, would find, however innocent of such intent, his prose resolved into poetry, albeit not rhyme. This power of describing charmingly the sights and sounds that charm us, is a very high attainment, not so easily or generally acquired, as to encourage the attempt.

It is no marvel that the beautiful month of May should be an especial favourite with our immortal bards. Her bright presence, with all its happy influences,—the wealth of birds and flowers and sunshine, that mark her coming to the awakening earth, may well prove a source of the purest inspiration. We rejoice with an ever renewed sense of delight, in these last balmy days of spring, and sigh only to think they are so fleeting. Now, indeed, we recognise the season in its perfection. Now, where'er her footsteps pass, are called up

"From their mysterious and imprisoned night,
The buds of many hues, the children of her light."

Now doth

"The sweet wild flowers hold their quiet talk
Upon the uncultured green;"

with

"Beautiful clover, so round and red,
There is not a thing in twenty,
That lifts in the morning so sweet a head,
Above its leaves on its earthy bed,
With so many horns of plenty."

Now may the humble votary of nature form a richer coronet than ever graced a monarch's brow; for the gems with which he works are all immortal. And first we gather for this priceless wreath, a crimson "wee tipped" flower, one of April's meek, but hardy pioneers, that lives through all the spring and summer months, far into autumn's chill: Wordsworth's Daisy,

"Commonplace
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet, with something of a grace,
That love makes for thee!"

And then—for they perish all too quickly—Burns' Hyacinth,

"For constancy with its unchanging blue."

And Keats' Evening Primrose,

"O'er which the wind might gladly take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into fresh flowers."

And those most exquisitely described Sweet Peas—

"On tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers, catching at all things,
To bind them round about with tiny rings."

Nor may we forget the Lilac, by Cowper chronicled,—

"Various in array,—now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue the most approved, she chose them all."

Nor Bryant's Wind Flower,

"Whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at."

Nor Brainard's Sweet Briar,

"For it grows along
The poor man's pathway, by the poor man's door."

And we may take of Shakespeare's "violets dim," and many other kindred flowers, wherewith to complete this rare garland. And while it is being wrought, we may listen to the carolling of birds, and think o'er Shelley's "Sky-lark," and o'er many other strains of his breathing "harmonious madness," as though indeed some winged messenger had imparted the secret of such minstrelsy. But there is wanting to his song the blitheness of that "care-charming bird" whose utter joyousness he marvelled at.

Spenser represents May

"Decked all with dainties of the season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her, like to their sovereign queen."

These "twins of Leda," Pollux and Castor, were esteemed particularly propitious to mariners.

"Maie" was the brightest of the Pleiades, and from her the name of our month of May is supposed to have been derived. Another reason for its being so called is given in the fact of Romulus having dedicated this month to the Majores, or Roman senators. Although it has been written that,

"Each day of thine, sweet month of May,
Love makes a solemn holiday,"

there is a superstition prevalent among the ignorant and innocent, that marks marriages as unfortunate if celebrated at this time. We may not lightly term this a vulgar superstition, for it is the remnant of an observance recorded in classical lore. During the month of May, expiatory offerings were made to Apollo, under whose protection it was deemed, and marriages were prohibited. The May-day sports, so popu-

lar with our ancestors, are also to be traced back to this time. The festival in honour of Flora was celebrated in the latter part of April and the beginning of May. Ovid thus commences a speech to the goddess:

"Fair Flora, now attend thy sportful feast,
Of which some days I with design have passed;
A part in April and a part in May
Thou claimest, and both command my tuneful lay;
And as the confines of two months are thine,
To sing of both the double task be mine."

Flora, to a question regarding her name and attributes, replies:

"In fields where happy mortals whilom strayed,
Chloris my name, I was a rural maid;
To praise herself a modest nymph would shun,
But yet, a god was by my beauty won,"

thus establishing incontrovertibly the fact that the first, the original Queen of May, became a matron ere she was entitled to wear the crown.

Pleasant is it to read of the May-day sports of England in the olden time, when none were of too high estate to join in the universal custom of gathering in the May. Then in the early morning, "lads and lasses trooped in fresh array,"

"To pluck the smelling briar,
Then hasten home, the door and posts to dight,
And the church pillars, ere the broad daylight,
With hawthorn buds and sweetest eglantine."

Merry were the revels round the May-pole with the gay jests of the fantastic masquers, and extravagant antics of the morris-dancers that were wont to figure in the pageant; Robin Hood, in suit of Lincoln green, and his merry men bold, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck, all duly represented, to the great delight of the spectators. In the days of Cromwell, the Puritans waged war against the poor May-poles, "whose greatest crime was honest, harmless mirth," terming them "heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness;" and they were stricken to the earth, and their glory departed for ever. With the return of Charles the old diversions were partially revived, but never regained their former popularity.

Tennyson's poem of the May Queen is more generally read than many of his other pieces. It is a beautiful story, replete with melancholy interest; but it could not be selected as a fair specimen of the author's style, nor does it indicate the strength of his powers. The popularity it has acquired may, in truth, be in part attributed to the want of Tennysonian character peculiarly distinguishing his higher compositions, and marking them emphatically his own. It is an effusion of genius undoubtedly, but bears not so exclusively the stamp of his genius. There is no effort of thought

demand, nor earnest attention necessary, to understand its full purport. It is a simple story simply told, and by its truthfulness and pathos touches our kindest feelings, and wins the voluntary tribute of tears. A life-experience, yet but the history of a year;—commencing with the glad hopes of a light-hearted girl, full of girlish joy and vanity; closing with the high aspirations of the chastened spirit longing for immortality and welcoming the grave, with the intervening despondency and impatient regrets of the invalid while yet clinging to the world she must resign.

In the first expression of her gladness we listen to the predictions of a heart thrilling with wild, enthusiastic delight, all untamed, unchilled by memory of disappointment. With what certainty she counts on the "mad merri-ment" of the morrow, sure that not the slightest cloud will mar her pleasure, sure that Nature's fairest aspect will grace her coronation.

"There will not be a drop of rain, the whole of the live-long day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May."

"All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still;
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill;
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

And when all this has passed away, and the bright spring morning been succeeded by cold and wintry suns, and New Year's eve has come wearily on, she who would be wakened early, but a few months since, to gather May garlands, now asks to see the sun rise for the last time on the New Year.

"It is the last New Year that ever I shall see;
Then you may lay me low I' the mould, and think no more o' me."

In her hours of sickness she is haunted by recollections of the flowery wreath with which they crowned her "'neath the hawthorn on the green," and the joyful dance around the May-pole. Fretfully she reverts to that gay scene, so painfully contrasting with the dreariness of the present, and, still untamed, her childlike repinings are breathed out.

"There's not a flower on all the hills, the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high,—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die."

To this child of earth death is only associated with images of loneliness and extinction; she sees no future beyond the mouldering grave, and her thoughts dwell on that last

resting-place as if seeking to win from it some of its desolation.

"You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade;
And you'll come sometimes to see me where I am lowly laid."

I shall not forget you, mother;—I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my grave in the long and pleasant grass.

"If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;

Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,

And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

She died not yet, nor till the pining wish "to see a flower again" had been fulfilled, till the snow melted from the fields, and the "new violets bloom beneath the skies," and she hears the bleating of the young lambs upon the hills. And more has been granted than the fulfilment of her wish, more than she would then have asked,—peace to depart. These last few months have been precious in their use to her. The higher life to which she is destined has dawned upon her vision, and, secure in faith of a continued eternal existence, the separation and transition are no longer dreaded; she calmly, hopefully, ponders on the coming morrow.

"Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking will be beyond the sun,
For ever and for ever with those blessed souls and true;
And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we such ado?"

There are some very interesting records of the Floral Games of Toulouse, which were yearly celebrated for more than four centuries, commencing in 1325. Miss Landon's poem, or rather series of poems, entitled "The Prize of the Golden Violet," is an ideal representation of one of these annual meetings. This "Institution of the Gay Science," as it was termed, is said to have been founded by Clemence Isaure, to whom there is a statue erected in Toulouse. Clemence was the only daughter of an illustrious house, the last descendant of a princely line. In the first flush of youth and beauty, she plighted her maiden faith to Lantrec, a brave and handsome knight, by whom she was passionately beloved. Her father, Alphonze, sternly disapproved of this attachment, separated the lovers, and commanded his daughter to receive the addresses of a rich and reverend seignior, whom he destined to be her liege lord. Clemence firmly refused to listen to this ungracious suit; threats and entreaties were alike in vain; strong in her affection, she calmly submitted to the only alterna-

tive menaced by the exasperated Alphonze,—chains and a prison cell. Lantrec, in defiance of her father's vow of vengeance, beneath the window of the gloomy tower where she was confined, repeated his vows of love, and his determination to rescue her. Clemence warned him of his danger, and adjured him by their mutual love, mutual unhappiness, to leave Toulouse, and in the excitement of a warrior's fiery career, to seek forgetfulness. Through the iron bars she threw him three flowers, a violet, eglantine, and marigold; these he was to wear as her true knight. The violet was her favourite colour, the eglantine her favourite flower, and the marigold was emblematical of sorrow and misfortune. Reverently cherishing these pledges of affection, Lantrec, faithful through all things, with a sore and heavy heart, promised to do her bidding. On the battle-field soon after, while shielding the life of Alphonze, he was himself mortally wounded. The old man, too late relenting, received from the dying youth Clemence's flowers, and promised to return them to her, with her lover's blessing and last tender adieu. Clemence lived but a little while after hearing this sad story. Her large fortune she bequeathed to the city of Toulouse for annual games; at which the most gifted troubadours should receive as prizes for the best poems written on the occasion, golden flowers of the violet, eglantine, and marigold. So originated these yearly festivals, according to the metrical romance of Clemence Isaure. This account has not, however, been allowed to pass unquestioned. Some stern inquirer, by dint of poring over many reams of old documents of Toulouse, not only asserted another origin for the Floral Games, but makes the very existence of Clemence a doubtful point of history. By this version, it would appear that the first founders of this institution were seven of the principal citizens of Toulouse, who, desirous of augmenting the prosperity, and adding to the glory of their native city, by attracting thither the most distinguished poets, offered a prize of a golden violet, for the best poem that should be read there the following May. That the institutors were the judges to decide on the merits of the compositions offered, and were called the Chancellor of the Gay Science and his six assessors. That the authorities of the city, after a few years, fearing the enterprise would fail if dependent on the support of individuals, and perceiving the advantages accruing from the annual concourse of strangers that assembled at these celebrations, continued them at the expense of the city, and added to the first prize, two others,—an eglantine and marigold, wrought of silver. This is not so poetical an account, and for that very reason apt to be

more easily credited. But one may verily believe in this case the beautiful is the true. It is stated, to be sure, by these cynics, that the statue to the Lady Clemence was not erected till after two hundred years had elapsed from the commencement of these noble sports; but it was *then* certainly erected; and ever after, on the recurrence of the Floral Games, was crowned with flowers in the place where the prize poems were recited; and an oration delivered in her honour, always constituted the first part of the exercises. Nor do these would-be overturners of our romance condescend to ascribe any reason for the choice of these particular flowers, in place of the very satisfactory cause given in that veritable legend; most probably they could find none.

A code of laws was established to regulate the terms on which the prizes should be distributed, and the very chivalrous legislators forming them, ordained that "no woman should be admitted to the competition, unless her talents in composing verses were so celebrated as to leave no doubt of her being capable of writing the poetry offered." Men had only to testify by oath, as to the originality of their poems. In course of time, this barbarism was repealed, or, like many other wise ordinances, became more honoured in the breach than the observance.

IMPETURBABILITY.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

THE largest and the most completely developed natures are commonly to be recognised by their composure and equability of character. In no circumstances however embarrassing,—in no contingencies how threatening soever,—do you witness in such that feverish perturbation which robs one alike of the discernment to see, and the concentrated energy to execute, what the crisis demands. Excitability and proneness to irritation indicate, with scarce an exception, a mind either of small compass, or else scantily developed or ill-balanced. It is the butterfly, and the like *tiny* winged things, that beat the air with an everlasting rustle and flutter. The albatross and the condor traverse the airy heights with regular, majestic strokes, or with outstretched and seemingly motionless wings. The ancients fabled of this attribute of the great soul, when they affirmed that the eyes of the gods are immovably calm, and their gaze steady, never winking or rolling hither and thither. Indeed, the intelligence that takes in all things at a glance, *needs not* to rove to and fro; and blinking is a result and a sign of imperfect or overstrained vision.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

(Continued from page 237.)

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by JOHN BARTAIN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



XXVIII.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Scene—just at sunset at the gates of the prison at Machærus.

FIRST DISCIPLE.—“How strange! We have sung our evening hymn, and have watched the little grated window a long time, and yet he does not appear. What does it mean?”

SECOND DISCIPLE.—“I hope nothing has happened to him. They say it is Herod's birthday, and the flashing of the oars on the water, and the neighing of horses on the land, tell us it may be so. Oh, that our dear master were delivered!”

FIRST DISCIPLE.—“See! he comes and looks through the grates, kindly as usual.”

SECOND DISCIPLE.—“Yes, but oh, how pale!”

PRISONER.—“My children, have you seen him? What did he say when you did your errand, and asked him, in my name, ‘Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?’”

FIRST DISCIPLE.—“He said nothing, at first. We found him surrounded by a great multitude

of people. He was talking, instructing, and healing them. What wonders we saw! We beheld him open eyes that never saw, unstop ears that never heard, cleanse lepers, restore the lame so that they leap as a hart, and even raise the dead. We heard the healed ones shouting and praising God; we saw fathers and mothers weeping over their children restored to life; we heard the multitudes lift up the voice in shouts of wonder, long and loud. And we heard him talk of heaven and the way of life so that the poorest and the lowliest could understand him. Indeed, he seemed to be surrounded by these alone. And he bade us come and tell thee what we saw and heard. And we have waited long for thee, dear master. Art thou sick?”

PRISONER.—“’Tis He! ’tis He! ’Tis the Son of God, the Saviour of the world! I wonder I did not see it before. I thought he was to be a king, and have a throne, and be a conqueror. But I see it now. He is to conquer sin and sickness, death and hell. He is a king, but his throne is to be in the hearts of men. Yes! ’tis He, the promised Shiloh, the

Saviour of the world! I thought I saw new light as I knelt in my prison to-night! Oh, I see it, I see it! But, my poor lambs, what are these noises I hear?"

FIRST DISCIPLE.—"It is Herod's birthday, and the officers and nobles of the land are assembling to congratulate him. Look, master! they are lighting up the palace. See how the light streams out in the river!"

PRISONER.—"Herod's birthday!"

SECOND DISCIPLE.—"They say the gates of the palace are to be opened wide to-night!"

PRISONER.—"I believe it, and it has been revealed to me that to-night the eternal gates will be opened, and I shall enter therein. Oh, beloved ones, if in the morning you find my lifeless body, bury it, out of love to me, and then go to Him. Go to Him, and he will be a better teacher. I was but a star—He is the sun."

FIRST DISCIPLE.—"Oh, master, it can't be,

it can't be that God will remove thee from earth! Thy work is but just begun! Thou hast laboured but six months."

PRISONER.—"Hush! hush! His ways are past finding out. I have had greater honour than any other prophet. I have seen his face, heard his voice, baptized him, and borne witness that this is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. I have done my work. That glorious vision I have seen to-day is about to be fulfilled. But promise me that ye will go to him."

DISCIPLES.—"Master, we will."

PRISONER.—"I see the soldiers are coming to drive you off. Farewell. Jehovah's blessing rest upon you for ever! Oh, farewell! We shall meet again."

DISCIPLES.—"When? Where?"

PRISONER.—"In his own good time, in heaven."



XXIX.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"TRUTH, Lord; yet of the crumbs the dogs receive:
And from the table of thy bounty, spread
Now with the children's bread,
Enough may fall to let the suppliant live.
Thy mercy's stream, so deep, and large, and free,—
It may o'erflow in blessing, Lord, on me!

"Thou Holy One!—of whom the prophets spake;—
Thou hope of Israel!—born of Gentile race,
Who never knew thy grace,—
Too mean am I thy favours to partake!

Yet none, none else, can help! My misery
Still sends me to thy feet; still bids me cry to thee!"

Thus in her sorrow pleads the lowly one,
To whom stern silence and cold words were given;

And He who came from heaven
The treasury of his grace hath open thrown.
Enter and take, in spite of fear or guilt,—
"Great is thy faith! Be it even as thou wilt!"

Oh, self-abased one! seems thy prayer denied?
Beneath a frowning face that mercy veiled

Which never yet hath failed?
I charge thee faint not, howe'er sorely tried!
Still kneel and plead; for in his sight shall be
Thy bitterest want the most prevailing plea!

Sent from the humblest heart, the prayer of faith
With power invested near the throne doth stand;—

Yea, even at God's right hand!
Omnipotence to the creatures of his breath
Thus to *command* His glorious might hath given,
To conquer him who rules the hosts of heaven!

Oh, thrall of pride, be prostrate in the dust!
Oh, trembling soul, lift up thy weeping eyes!

Of old, when, mixed with sighs,
The prophet's prayer went up in holy trust,

At its beginning sped, an angel came
And touched his faltering lips with heavenly flame.

Great Advocate! who dost for sinners plead,
And with thy name their suppliance hast sealed!

The faith that will not yield,
Oh, grant us all, in every hour of need!
And to the stricken heart, that, bowed by guilt,
Implores thy help, say, "Be it as thou wilt."



XXX.

CHRIST UNHONOURED BY THE NAZARENES.

THE old lady who watched Sir Isaac Newton from day to day, and thought him deranged as she saw him blowing soap-bubbles, could not conceive that as he was marking the rays of light falling on those transient things, that he was thus evolving the laws of light which should be the admiration of succeeding generations. We cannot see anything wonderful in what is familiar to us. Men will travel thousands of miles to see wonders, and to feel astonishment at what is really less wonderful than the formation of a butterfly's wing, or the leaf of a fern, at which they hardly glance. We have seen those who lived just by the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and those who listen daily to the roar of the Falls of Niagara, and yet, who have never seen either. The wreckers who live on the islands where the hurricane and the water-spout have their home, see nothing wonderful in either of these. Familiarity destroys admiration.

So the people with whom the Son of God was most familiar, to whom he showed the greatest compassion, and whom he instructed the most plainly, and who were astonished at his teachings, lost nearly all the benefit of his presence and labours, because he did not appear strange enough! He came to them; they knew his mother, and his relatives;—they had been brought up among them. The works of Jesus attested to his divinity; his instructions were such as came fresh from the bosom of the Father of lights, and they could find fault with nothing except that they knew him. Alas! when he went to Jerusalem, they rejected him because they said they knew not whence he was. Men want the kingdom of heaven to come with observation; they want it should be *without* them; they want the Son of Man to come in the clouds of heaven. But Christ comes still and noiseless, like the rising of the sun in the morning, like the falling of the dew in the evening, like the whispers of hope in the heart of the penitent. Perhaps too many, even now, look for impulses and shocks to make them holy, rather than the silent but eloquent

page of the Bible, the humble kneeling in prayer, and the secret meditations of the closet.

The lofty, impassioned eloquence of Isaiah, causing the very heavens and earth to ring with his tidings, the sublime songs of those whose harps were tuned in heaven—the beautiful teachings of Him who spake as never man

spake—and the deep instructions of the Apostles—are all in danger of being lost upon us, because the word of God is so nigh us, so familiar, so ready at our hand. The mighty power of the Christ is not seen and felt by us, because of our unbelief; and our unbelief arises, too often, from the very fulness and abundance of his mercy and goodness.



XXXI.

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

LIST! oh ye to-day who borrow
 Troubles from the hidden morrow,—
 Doubting, fearing, unbelieving,—
 List, a lesson sweet receiving,
 Such as man hath never spoken,
 Be your hearts or faint or broken,
 Come, oh ye of little faith,
 Hear and heed what Jesus saith.

Where's the rich man, who, increasing
 Wealth with godlessness increasing,
 Said unto his soul, "Be merry!
 Hence thy cares in fulness bury.
 Many years hast thou to measure
 Full of goods, of ease, of pleasure?"
 Time that night with him had done,
 And eternity begun.

Let the love of Christ elicit
 Love from you, and faith implicit;
 Then the balsam of his teaching
 Will, your bosom's burden reaching,—
 Though it be of cares a mountain,—
 Change it into joy, a fountain;
 As the sun, with vernal glow,
 Turns to streams the hills of snow.

Lords of animated nature,
 Can your thought increase your stature?

Who provides the little raven
 Daily food and nightly haven,—
 Through the shoreless, airy ocean
 Guiding her in every motion,
 Till her sable sails are furled
 Where her eye shuts out the world?

Are you for the body caring,
 How it shall be clothed or faring.
 God in store hath food and raiment,
 Asking daily trust as payment.
 Will he leave his CHILDREN needing,
 From whose hand the *birds* are feeding?
 Mark the lilies, how they grow!
 Who but He hath made them so?

Pure and lovely as the morning,
 While they stand, the field adorning,
 Gemmed with dews of yester-even
 Sparkling now with fire of heaven,
 Odours fresh to God they render.
 Solomon, in regal splendour,
 Had not glory to compare
 With the robes the lilies wear.

Would you shine like them in beauty?
 Steady faith must pay the duty.
 Unbelief is cold and cruel;
 With the soul it hath a duel.
 Let no phantom-light decoy you
 Where the monster may destroy you!
 Take the field and slay the foe
 Where the spicy lilies grow.



XXXII.

PETER DENYING HIS MASTER.

THE night was so profoundly dark that they needed lanterns and torches, in order to find one named in their warrant of apprehension. It was so cold and chilly that they needed a fire in the great Hall of Judgment. Around the fire were standing a mixed group of soldiers, servants, and spectators—men and women. They have been watching the doings of the judges and officers at the other end of the hall. Among them are heard the tones of irony, bitterness, scorn, and hatred. In the lower group, gibes, jokes, earnest conversation, and oaths and swearing.

"It is almost morning," says one.

"How do you know?" says a second.

"Because the cock which sits perched under the eaves yonder, has crowed twice within a half hour."

"There, now, he crows a third time."

"He's a noisy fellow! But look, the prisoner has turned his face this way! What a face! What an eye!"

At that moment the door carefully opened, and a man went out. Hurriedly and noiselessly he went, almost rushing through the streets. He goes through the city, out of the east gate, and down into a garden in the valley. He seems to be acquainted with the ground, for he walks unhesitatingly. He goes among the thick trees, and sits down alone. He trembles, and the bosom heaves as if it would burst. Now he groans, and tears fall thick and fast.

"Oh!" says he, "that I should have done it! What a life of events has been crowded

into the last few hours. The lights are still burning in the upper chamber where He met us! On this very spot, he knelt in agony and prayer, pouring out his soul in tones such as no human being ever uttered before! Here they took him, and led him like a lamb to the slaughter, dumb, and unresisting! There they are mocking, insulting, and condemning him to die! And I, ungrateful, boastful, vile, and cowardly, I have denied him, and sworn that I never saw him before! They wondered what that look meant! I knew, alas! I knew. Oh, wretched man that I am, I can never look on him again! He will never speak to me again. He can never forgive me! Oh, that I could sink down in the grave, and never more see the light of the sun!"

The strong man shook, and tears fell thick and fast; and the morning saw him there still weeping.

XXXIII.

A THRENODY ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY THE REV. ROBERT DAVIDSON, D. D.

I.

Woe! woe!

Oh! heart of sorrow, overflow,

For Nature's self, or Nature's Lord, expires!¹

In the broad heaven, forgetful of his fires,

The sun doth blindly go,

A mourner sad and slow,

And wrapped in grief and horror, shuts his eye,

His light refusing to man's treachery.

¹ See the remarkable exclamation ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, in Lardner, vol. vii., p. 124. He saw the darkness of the Passion in Egypt, and said, "Either the Deity suffers, or sympathizes with one who suffers!"



II.

Old Mother Earth
Feels the dread shock through all her nerves,
And from her balance swerves,
And trembles like a ship by surges struck;
Ne'er since her birth,
Not when man's impious hand the fruit did pluck,
So quaked she to her inmost heart,
As if her very frame would all asunder part.

III.

Upon that cross-crowned hill
All is dark, and all is still,
Dark as night, and still as death;
Fear chains each foot, and holds each breath.
All is hushed, and all is still,
On that low and cross-crowned hill,
Save a faint moan of pain,
And a dull plashing, as of rain,
Dropping, dropping slow,
Into the crimson pools that stain the ground below.

IV.

Now is the hour
Of Darkness and its Prince. With bloodshot eye
Through the close air the gathering demons glower,
And boast their horrid triumph nigh.
They feast upon each groan,
Nor dream that cross shall prove a judgment throne,²
Whence they, in shameful flight,
Like baleful birds of night,
Back to their dismal dens shall swift be driven,
Scarred with the thunder of avenging Heaven;
While to the cursed tree,
Death, and Death's master, nailed fast shall be.³

² "Of judgment, because the Prince of this world is judged."—JOHN xvi. 11.

³ "That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."—HEB. ii. 14.

V.

Beyond the grisly band,
Hover the Legions of the Blest; each hand
Grasping tight his heaven-bathed sword,⁴
Waiting impatient for a signal word,
To burst upon the caitiff crowd
Like lightning from a summer cloud.
For they have not forgot the fight,
When all those rebel Sons of Night
Down heaven's steep battlements they hurled
Into the nether world.
They look and long, but look and long in vain,
Their eager zeal they must awhile restrain;
No strengthening angel has a mission now,
To wipe the bloody sweat from off that bearded brow.

VI.

Woe! woe!
Oh, heart of sorrow, overflow!
Life's Lord doth die;
Of mysteries the mystery,
Confounding Nature's wonted laws;
A God the sufferer, and man's sins the cause!
To save our heart's grief that none utter may,
Upon the cross He bled;
He gathered all the thorns that strewed our way,
And twined them round His own dear head!⁵

⁴ "For my sword shall be bathed in heaven."—ISA. xxxiv. 5. "Inebriatus," says Lowth, "drunk with blood." "In the sight of God," says Prof. Alexander, "the sword, though not yet actually used, was already dripping blood." But Dr. Gill thinks the allusion may be to the bathing of swords in some sort of liquor, to harden or brighten them, preparatory to use.

⁵ Tertullian says the crown was made of thorns and nettles, as a figure of the evils of sin; but the efficacy of the cross has taken them away, blunting all the stings of death upon the patient head of the divine sufferer: "*In Dominici capitis tolerantia obtundens.*"—De Cor. Mil., c. xiv.

VII.

By the thorns and by the spear;
By the death-pang most severe;
By Thy wound's unclosed smart;
By Thine aching, breaking heart;
By the unknown agonies*

* So read the Greek liturgies,—“*dia ton agnoston soupathematon.*” See Barrow on the Creed, s. xxvi. Those unknown agonies were, beyond all doubt, the sharpest of all.

Of Thine awful sacrifice;
By Thy dying act of grace,
Pardoning the merciless;
Tremblingly we Thee entreat,
Christ most patient! Christ most sweet!
For us sinners intercede,
Now, and at our utmost need!
Matchless martyr! Sorrow's Son!
Bearing burdens not thine own;
Let our sins all buried be
Deep in Joseph's tomb with thee!



XXXIV.

CHRIST LAID IN THE TOMB.

THE centurion took the order of the Governor, and commanded the soldiers to lift the cross from its hole in the rock, and with his own hands held it steady while they thus took down the body. The blood was still flowing from his wounds. He gave the corpse to Joseph of Arimathea, the nobleman, and the weeping females, with wonder mingled with joy.

“Are you going to cast him out into the valley of the Hinnom, like other malefactors?”

“No; I am going to lay him in my new sepulchre in my garden,—at least till after the Sabbath, when we shall embalm him, and determine whether it shall be his last resting-place. Did you see him die?”

“Yes, with wonder and astonishment. Truly, he must be the Son of God!”

“Pilate has commanded that you and your soldiers are to guard his tomb.”

“For what purpose?”

“So that his disciples cannot steal him away.”

“I shall gladly do it, for, though I do not believe that they will attempt it, I have a thought which I may not express.”

Carefully they wrapped the body in the finest and whitest linen. Upon the cold stones they laid him in silence, for the evening shades were drawing on.

Mary sat weeping near his head. “My son! my son! Old Simeon told me that a sword should be thrust through my own heart but how little could I realize what it meant! My son! my son! would God I had died for thee, oh my son! my son!”

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

BY H. M. FIELD.

My first visit in Scotland has been to the birthplace of Robert Burns. I came last night from Ireland, and this morning went down to Ayr. I have an enthusiastic feeling for Burns; and as I set out from the town of Ayr, to walk two miles to the cottage in which he was born, my head was full of recollections of his life and of his poetry. Favourite lines, that had delighted me a thousand times in America, came fresh to mind; and I could not help repeating them over and over as I walked on. A rapid pace soon brought me to the humble roof. It is a low, one story cottage, thatched with straw; but it is neatly kept, and has a pleasing, rustic look. A little sign by the door gives notice that "In this cottage was born Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, January 25, 1759." I went in, and was received by a neat Scotchwoman, who showed me a small recess in the wall of the kitchen, in which stood the bed in which the poet was born. A small window by the bed remains as it was eighty years ago; and the same stone floor is there, on which the poet played when he was a child.

Alloway Kirk is very near the cottage. It is an old stone church, now roofless. In the graveyard stands a monument to William Burns, the father of the poet, the patriarch of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. This was the scene of Tam O'Shanter's encounter with the witches, and the Bridge of Doon is close by, over which he effected his escape. Here has been erected, within a few years, a chaste and beautiful monument to the memory of Burns. An untaught sculptor has executed two statues, which are placed here, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny over their cups. They are done to the life. Never was the happy, drunken look of toppers, more exactly depicted. A good story is told of an Irish tar, who went in to see them while they were exhibiting in Dublin. He thought he had paid his money to see theatricals, and after gazing a while, he spoke out to Tam, who, he thought, was laughing at him, "Put yer grog in yer mouth, my boy, and get on with yer play, and don't sit there laughing, and keeping the company waiting."

In the monument is preserved with religious care, the Bible which Burns presented to his Highland Mary, and over which they pledged their love. On the fly-leaf is written, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord.—Robert Burns."

The most touching passage in the life of Burns, and the inspiration of some of his most beautiful pieces, was his affection for Mary Campbell. The scene of their parting was

several miles above, on the banks of the Ayr. There they met on a Sunday in May, and laving their hands in the stream, vowed over Mary's Bible, love, "while the woods of Montgomery grew, and its waters ran." It is to this scene Burns alludes in the lines:

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle of Montgomery :"—
"With many a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was full tender;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cold's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary."

Burns seems never to have got over the blow inflicted by her death, and it was with feelings of inextinguishable affection and the keenest distress, that he composed, years afterwards, on the anniversary of her loss, his most beautiful lines to "Mary in Heaven."

After lingering some time on the bridge, I walked down to the banks of the Doon, and, sitting down by the current, took out a little copy of Burns's Songs which I had brought with me, and read those lines, so full of sadness:—

"Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I so weary, full of care?"

This was a strain which he often touched. The loss of the object of his affection, and the hopeless penury which crushed him to the earth, gave a pensive tone to his mind. His feelings of grief and woe are constantly breaking out in his poetry. The peace of nature, contrasting with the agitation of his spirit, awoke his most plaintive strains. He says of himself, after describing "rejoicing nature," and the singing birds,—

"But life to me's a weary dream,
The dream of one that never wakes;
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe wakens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghost I homeward glide."

From the Doon I returned to the cottage. His father's roof and family were in the poet's mind when he wrote the "*Cotter's Saturday Night*." I sat down in the room in which he was born, and read over again that description of the household piety of Scotland, a description which is almost worthy to be classed with the Psalms of David. Before me was the fireplace, "blazing bonnily," around which the old man gathered his children to worship God, and the stones on which he knelt to pray.

I came away with my heart full. "Why is it," I thought, "that Burns is read and loved in all lands? Simply because he is the poet

of Nature, and describes those simple affections which are felt by human hearts everywhere." He had an exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature as well as to the charms of love. The sight of groves and streams touched his heart like plaintive music. No poet has depicted Nature by more delicate touches. Spring, autumn, and winter, all had a beauty in his eye. A glory like the sunset gilded the opening and the dying year.

"E'en winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree,
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Darkening the day."

Burns excels all other poets in describing the passion of love, and in his pictures of domestic life. His own heart was capable of strong attachments, and he described what he felt. Was there ever employed so beautiful an image to illustrate the first opening feeling of love, when the heart trembles at what it finds in itself, as this?—

"As in the bosom of the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean."

I cannot but think it a happy circumstance that Burns never had a classical education. If his poems had been strewn with classical allusions, he might have gained the name of a scholar, and lost the immortality of a poet. But he paints only what all see and feel as well as himself. Born under a roof of straw, and passing his life among peasants, he has written what cannot die, as long as the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, or the human heart retains a spark of simple feeling.

The life of Burns closed in gloom. He was deserted by pretended friends, even on his deathbed. It is a shame that he should have been left to struggle on through life with such difficulties. And yet one can hardly regret that he was poor. Had he been rich, or a man of fashion or of the world, he never could have written as he has. To the privations which he had to suffer is owing that plaintive strain which forms so marked and fascinating an element of his poetry.

Burns died when but thirty-seven years old. Yet the earthly existence of that mind cannot be counted brief which has made nations glad with its melodies. We learn to measure life by what it accomplishes, rather than by the period it lasts, when we think of such minds as

"Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
And him who walked in glory and in joy
Behind his plough along the mountain-side."

TO LIZ.

BY H. W. H.

Oh! thou hast haunted me! Those eyes of thine,

Through their incomparable lashes beaming,
So eloquent of soul, so burning bright,
Yet full of languid tenderness withal,
Have stood between me and the outer world,
As the nigh glory of a large, clear star
Quenches the splendour of all lesser lights,
Mocking the dazzled sense, and distant makes
And dim things lustrous else, and near the eye.
That sunny smile, and those too tempting lips,
Like clove carnations parted, with the breath
Of summer perfumes sighing from their bloom;
The silky masses of that dark brown hair,
In rich luxuriance from thy lovely brow
Disparted; the serene and silver sound
Of that dear voice, which ever in mine ear
Awakes most ravishing music;—like a tune
That will not be forgotten, night and day
Dwell in my heart of hearts,—a memory
Of mingled bliss and madness; for, to love
A being so pre-eminently bright,
So exquisite a compound of all charms,
Sensual and spiritual, must be bliss,
Even if to hope be madness,—to despair,
Most living anguish. And I dare not hope,
Yet dare not all despair; since to despair
Were to wish nothing on this side the grave,
Nor in the grave, save what man most abhors,—
Utter oblivion! Oh, if to have seen,
If to have known thee but one little week,
At once become the epoch of a life,
The day of summer in a year of storm,
The green oasis of a desert waste,—
If to have sat beside thee,—to have felt
The unconscious pressure of thy gentle hand
Thrill all my pulses with an earthquake's
shock;

To have hung enraptured on the liquid sound
Of thy soft syllables; to have sunned my soul
In the enchanting radiance of thy smile,
And seen my thoughts reflected, as they rose,
In the dark mirror of thy speaking eyes;
Have grown into my very soul, the best
And brightest of its dreams,—what must he feel,
Who at his will may clasp thy glowing form
Permitted, revel in the honeydew
Of thy sweet lip, possess thee all his own,
Unrivalled and secure!

Oh! had it been
My fortune but to meet thee fancy free,
Unsunned of passion, ere thy gentle heart
Had owned a master, by the fires that gem
Yon everlasting firmament with light
Immortal, I had set my life at nought,
Had risked my honour, nay, had staked my
soul,
But I had won thee! And, by earth and heaven,

I would have won thee! For the earnest will
Of a strong spirit, resolute to dare
And confident to win, will have its way,
And will win in the end, whate'er the prize:—
To gain the love of woman, or subdue
Man's iron energy. Or, if 'twere mine
Now to engross thee for but one brief moon,—
To captivate thy heart and own thy soul,—
Contented I could lay me down to sleep
My sleep of ages, confident that earth
Had nothing more of blessings to bestow
To mate that bliss, nor hoping to obtain
Aught to surpass thy love, rare Liz, in heaven.

But these are empty dreams,—imaginings
Fruitless and vain; and so I go my way
As one upon the instant, out of sight,

To be forgotten for all future time,
Who never can forget;—as one unloved,
Yet loving past all thought;—as one almost
To be despised, if he were but worth
Despising. Be it so!—and fare thee well!—
Ay! fare thee well, most beautiful and best!
Bright angels guard thy steps, and blessings
bloom

About thy footsteps, evil hold aloof
And sins and sorrows from thine innocent ways;
And pass thy happy days, till life be spent,
Without one cloud to dim their blissful sheen,
Serenely peaceful! This is the latest wish
Of one who, having tried all things, and all
Found vain and empty, never did fear aught,
And now hopes nothing hence for evermore.



ENIGMA.

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

"Better than the seen lies hid."

A PURE, wingless cherub comes up to mine eye,
As I call, at your bidding, my first;
Not Latona in Sol more bright charms could
descry,

Than on me, in fresh childhood, here burst;
No Madonna e'er gazed on her radiant god-
born,
With more of the rose-sweet, or less of the
thorn.

Yet I, even I, while diviner I grow,
In soft fetters your soul may inweave;
My second around you so gently may throw,
That alas! for lost freedom you grieve:
But closer you'll press me, your grief to be-
guile,
And summon, for solace, my calm angel-smile.

Ah! now you adore me! for round me pure
Art

Hath woven sweet hues all her own;
You feel, though incarnate from beats of the
heart,

Her regalia, celestial, are thrown,
To make me an altar all earth-fires above,
My priestess a Psyche—an ether-winged Love!

A VISIT TO MOSCOW.

BY AN AMERICAN.

WEDNESDAY, the 23d of May, 18—, one o'clock P. M., found me seated in the most commodious and elegant of post-carriages. It was the coach belonging to the Imperial government, and was attached to that service of the Post Department known as the "Extra Post," in contradistinction to the other post conveyances; inasmuch as it is the fastest post in the Empire, and performs the distance between St. Petersburg and Moscow, a distance of seven hundred and twenty-eight versts, or five hundred and twenty-five miles, in forty-eight hours. It was an English carriage, made in England expressly for the service, divided into two apartments, each to hold two persons, and giving to each person plenty of elbow and leg-room—this last, especially to me, a great desideratum. The fare through to Moscow, was twenty-five roubles, silver,—about twenty dollars. I had for my companion, a young man attached to the Foreign Office—a noble, from the neighbourhood of Moscow; pleasant, inquisitive, like all the Russians, and a great talker. Two other companions I also had, who, though they did not take up much room in the coach, were nevertheless very worthy characters,—to wit, a bottle of Madeira, some sixty years old, which a lady-friend gave me from her private cellar, and a bottle of the Tardieu Brandy. I need hardly add that in this instance, if never before, I acted upon the principle that, "there's no use of having friends, if one can't use them."

Our carriage was drawn by four horses abreast, and two in front; and I may say that, from the time we left the Post-office, till our arrival at Moscow, whenever our horses were in motion, they were put at their fullest speed—a dead run. I may here remark that I have never seen such a road as that between St. Petersburg and Moscow. It could not be excelled. Setting out from St. Petersburg, it runs as straight as an arrow to Moscow; and its macadamized surface is as hard almost as the flinty rock. Indeed, I cannot compare it to anything but a railway. There is no more jar than in an ordinary railway carriage; and the speed is almost equal to that of the steam-horse. At every verst on the road is a post-sign, indicating the distance from station to station; and you fly by them so fast that you have hardly time to read the figures.

At most of the station-houses on the road, are found restaurants. These were generally well kept, and at all of them the traveller will find at least a good cup of *tea*, or "*chi*," as it is called in Russia. This is indeed a luxury. We, in the United States and in England, do

not know what a good cup of tea is. I have never seen the like anywhere except in Russia; whether it is because we do not pay enough for it, or whether it is that the sea voyage destroys its natural flavour, I know not; although I have heard that the tea used in Russia, which comes over by land from China, is grown in a province of the Tartar Chinese Empire, which we in the United States, know not of; but the Russian tea is certainly delicious. It is served in *tumblers*, at the station-houses. We found, also, good beefsteaks; and three times a day did the conductor of the post-coach give us a half hour to satisfy our "inner man." Indeed, throughout our journey, the conductor was very attentive and obliging, no doubt expecting a fee at the end of our journey; which, by the by, he did not fail to receive. Of the towns and villages we passed on the road, I cannot say much in praise. True, I was asleep when we drove through Novgorod, Torjock, and others dignified with the name of "towns;" but of those towns I did see, viz., Voldai, Tver, and Vishney Volotckock, but little can be said, except of the last mentioned, which certainly presents a very pretty, and, what is unusual to find in Russia, an animated view. In this town we drove along a very large and beautifully constructed canal, which was covered with barges laden for the Caspian Sea; for this canal unites the Baltic and the Caspian. We also drove by a pretty park, where I observed a good many ladies, and, I am sorry to say, not a pretty face among them. Strange that beauty has been so sparing of her charms in Russia. The men are well enough, but the women!—they are the most disagreeable-looking objects I ever looked upon.

The villages we passed are "hard-looking" enough; seldom did I see a decent house in a single village. The dwellings are all built of logs, line each side of the road, are of the same form and dimensions, and have all the same rickety, dirty, ruinous appearance. I doubt if such a thing as a paint-brush was ever known in any of the Russian villages we passed through, except for decorating a little rude-looking sign, which I observed upon each house, and which, you will grant, has a primitive meaning enough, when I tell you about it. Upon some of these signs I observed a hatchet portrayed; upon others a pitchfork, then a ladder, then a water-cart, then a pail, then a cart. I inquired the meaning of all these signs, and my neighbour told me that they served to make the occupant of the house remember that, in case of a fire in the village, he was to carry to the fire the implement represented on the sign attached to his house! What a primitive people, truly!

Another instance of this same primitiveness

I observed in the plough used by the peasants in the fields; it was nothing more than two rude, bent sticks, in the centre of which, in a sideways position, an old spade was fastened by ropes or cords. The country we passed through was anything but interesting—an almost dead plain, covered with low, stumpy pines. As we approached Voldai, the country became more uneven. We crossed the "Voldai Hills," which my Russian friend thought would astonish me by their height; but they do not compare with our native hills. Indeed, we in the United States, would hardly call them "hills." In most of the villages, I observed the peasant-women spinning with the distaff; and everywhere were to be seen pieces of "Russian diaper" bleaching on the ground. It is a fact not generally known, that all the thread which forms the Russia sheeting, is made by the peasants, and with the distaff.

In one of the villages I noticed a priest in his robes, blessing a log hut in process of erection. We stopped at one village to mend the wheel of our coach, and I and my friend entered a peasant's cabin. The woman who occupied the two little rooms it contained, lived there with her nine children! It was a kind of "station-house," and for keeping it, she said she received four roubles, or about three dollars, a month! She appeared to be more intelligent than the generality of her class, but very superstitious. She was speaking of the cholera, and its ravages in the village last year, and thought it very strange that it should have continued after the people of the village had walked with the priest, carrying the cross in procession around the town. In another village I observed a number of peasants crowding round a peasant who held in his hand a chain, to one end of which was fastened a bear. Bruin was, at the suggestion of his master, cutting up some odd capers, much to the merriment of the rustics. My Russian friend informed me, that the peasants are very fond of taming bears, and teaching them all sorts of tricks. All along the road, at intervals, we passed numbers of peasants stretched out by the wayside, under a burning sun, asleep, like so many pigs. Poor fellows! they have no other resting-place than the ground during summer! But I must not have too much sympathy for them; they know nothing better; they are contented. "And if they are not contented," says my Russian friend, "the whip will make them so." "Rather show them kindness," I replied; and the man laughed at me. "Kindness! why the peasant has a contempt for a man who is kind to him! No, my dear sir, the rod is a thing indispensable with the Russian peasant." So it is; but I cannot understand how a man will put up with the treat-

ment he receives at the hands of the Russian noble.

As we advanced on our journey, I could perceive that the vegetation was farther forward than that in and about St. Petersburg; occasionally, however, even near Moscow, we passed snow-banks on the side of the road.

At a small village near Voldai I observed four or five gipsies, men and women; their hair was long and jet black, their eyes black, wild, and piercing, and their complexion very dark. One would know them at once as gipsies. At this village, three really decent-looking girls came out to the coach to sell us crackers. My Russian told me that the village was famed for its pretty women; but not one of these three would have deserved the appellation of "pretty" in any other country than Russia.

But what was to me the most interesting sight, rendered more painful by some information which the Russian communicated to me, and which cast a gloom upon my whole journey, was a number of prisoners, chained together, on foot, guarded by Cossack soldiers, and on their way to Siberia!

I must explain what I have just written. You must know, then, that, during my first winter in St. Petersburg, I met, at the house of my friend, Prince T—, a young man, who pleased me much, and who often, during the winter, came to see me. He was of an old Muscovite family, one of the nobles of Russia. Possessed of an independent fortune, he came to St. Petersburg, entered the Foreign Office, in hope that, some day, he might be attached to some mission abroad, for he desired to live out of Russia. He was one of the finest-looking young men I ever met with,—tall, slender, and of a faultless figure. And then he was so quiet, so soft, such a gentleman in his manners. It was no wonder that all the young girls fell in love with him—I almost loved him myself. But he seemed to shun the ladies. He always declined dancing, for he was "not fond of it;" and he was always contented when he could have a talk with me. It is now some time since we have met: and where do you think he is now? *In the fortress!* For what? He was implicated in the conspiracy lately discovered in St. Petersburg, to (some say) take the life of the Emperor. He was arrested with some hundred others, and what think you his sentence is? *To work in the mines of Siberia during his life!!* How it shocked me when I heard it; and I cannot keep it off my mind even now. And if I can almost weep for him, what must his mother, who idolized him, feel? I asked my friend if there was no hope, since his relations were so rich and influential in the Empire. His answer was, "What are riches and influence when the Emperor says '*I will?*'"

Besides," he added, "young — says that he does not repent of anything that was done; he believed he was doing his duty." Poor —! I never thought you would come to this. But I must not write anything more about the sad affair—I am still in Russia, and—

On Friday we arrived in Moscow, and, on entering the city, we were obliged to leave the stage-coach and take droskies, one of the coach wheels having got again out of order, and we did not care about risking our necks over it. Arrived at the Post-office, we waited patiently for the arrival of our luggage by the coach. As soon as it arrived, I ordered a drosky, and drove to Madame B——'s, in the "Bolechoi Labensky," a boarding-house kept by a Frenchwoman. I engaged a good room, ordered dinner, made my toilet, sent for a valet to serve me during my sojourn in Moscow, ate my dinner, and then, about six o'clock in the evening, in spite of my ride of two days and nights in a post-coach, sallied forth alone, on foot, to get a "first impression" of the Tartar city; returned at ten o'clock, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

Would you know what were my impressions as I sauntered through the uneven streets of Moscow on Friday evening? They were those of regret and disappointment. I did not remark the strange buildings, the oriental type which I had understood was upon everything in Moscow; and the passers-by looked like the same long-bearded, dirty-looking, sheepskin-clad fellows I had been accustomed to see every day in St. Petersburg. To be sure I saw, whichever way I turned my eyes, any quantity of grotesque-looking domes and minarets; still, nothing I saw seemed particularly to arrest the attention, or make any new impression upon me. The truth is, I must admit, that I was more fatigued last night than I wished to believe, and if old Ivan the Terrible had arisen from his quiet resting-place, and stood before me, with his heavy iron-pointed cane, which he used to delight in thrusting into the feet of his subjects as he passed them, I doubt whether I should have found in him anything more than an old bearded mujick. Do not, therefore, trust to anything I have thus far said of my first impression of Moscow; for I candidly admit to you here, that I am in love with it, and my love increases the longer I am in the city. The traveller who comes to St. Petersburg, and then leaves the empire, has seen hardly anything of Russia. As the Emperor told Custine, "*St. Petersburg—c'est Russe, mais ce n'est pas la Russie.*" St. Petersburg has a European cachet, but Moscow has the Asiatic; and, in the multitude of new sights one sees,

the eye becomes lost. You may get a good idea of St. Petersburg in a day or two; but you must linger in Moscow, if you would understand it. I am writing this after having been in the city more than two days, and yet, when I think of venturing upon a general description of Moscow, I am bewildered. I know not where to begin or what to say.

This much I may note, that the city appears to have what the French would call "*trois quartiers.*" The first, the Kremlin, which is no more than a vast area upon a kind of eminence, surrounded by a high wall with battlements and towers, and containing the palaces, the arsenal, and the cathedral, and other public edifices within it: the second, the "China Moscow," so called on account of the wall and battlements which enclose it, and which contains divers buildings, with stores, shops, &c. &c.; and the third, "white Moscow," so called, in which I include all of Moscow not contained within the two walls just mentioned. I might also add, in the words of an English traveller when speaking of this interesting city, "one might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building by way of representative to Moscow, and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from the countries holding congress." Timber huts from the regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharía; pagodas, pavilions, and verandahs from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trellises from Naples; and I might add, factory chimneys from Yankeedom.

But here I stop. To attempt to convey an idea of the effect of its thousand domes and minarets, profuse in gold and silver, and gaudy with the colours of the rainbow, would be fruitless. I am unequal to the task; I might, were I away from here, portray the picture in feeble colours at best; but I am now too full of what I have seen the last two days to write on generalities. I must take you with me, patient reader, to each sight I have seen, and perhaps with my description you will glean enough to make you sigh to see the ancient city of the Tsars,—the northern limit of Napoleon's victories.

Come with me then, this Saturday morning—as beautiful a morning as ever rose upon the Russian capital—and after making visits to sundry persons to whom I have brought letters from St. Petersburg, we will commence our "sight-seeing."

Here we are, upon an immense open space or square, just without the walls of the Krem-

lin, whose turrets and battlements look down upon us, to remind us of the Tartar invasions they have sustained, and the victories they have brought to the Russian Tsars; and before us is a building which a painter only can describe. I bought a picture of it, and you should see it to understand the original. It is called the Cathedral of St. Basil; and, as you look at it, you can only wonder how the ingenuity of man could have contrived such an odd-looking cluster of towers and domes; and I must tell you, before I go on, its history. It was built in about the year 1554, by order of Ivan the Terrible, in gratitude for a victory gained over the Khan of Kazan. It is related that the architect was an Italian. John (or Ivan), was pleased with the work; and he called for the architect to pay him his money. He asked the latter if it were possible for him to build a more beautiful church if he was paid a higher sum? The Italian replied that he thought he could. He had no sooner pronounced the words, than the Tsar ordered him to be seized, and his eyes to be put out! "Now," said the tyrant, "*I know* that you cannot make a church that will surpass St. Basil."

The foundation of this edifice is of an oblong, square form, and from its centre arises a high, octagonal steeple or spire, with a large base, but small at its termination, over which is a small gilt ball, surmounted by a simple gilt cross. On the north and south, and east and west of this central spire, rises a similar octagonal spire, greatly inferior in height, and surmounted by very large, variously painted and ornamented heads or domes, on which are placed gilt balls, all furnished with simple gilt crosses. In the space between the central tower and the above four towers, arise other four smaller, similar towers, ornamented in the same style; so that around the central spire-tower, you find eight towers, forming a species of octagon. Every one of the domes of the towers is unlike the others, and is differently painted and ornamented, and the painting is extremely unique. This famous building was erected in such a manner, that service might be performed in different parts of it at the same time; and it will astonish you when I tell you, that at this time twenty-one temples or places of worship are associated together, in which divine service may be celebrated at the same time! So much for the exterior of St. Basil, which, in vulgar parlance, resembles a cluster of beautiful pepper-boxes.

I entered the interior, and found it still more curious than without. It is a collection of small passages and chapels, the walls of which are covered with gold, and paintings of saints, drawn when painting was in a primitive state in Russia. I noticed, too, several scriptural

paintings on the walls. One, I recollect, was that of the whale throwing Jonah out of his belly upon the dry land; where a group of ill-shapen figures called children, were waiting to receive poor Jonah. The whale was as ugly a looking monster of the finny tribe as I ever beheld; and if the picture was a correct representation of the whales of Ivan the Terrible's time, they have improved in appearance wonderfully in this our day and generation. Many of the walls were also adorned with paintings of flowers, drawn and coloured after the fashion of the picture I have just described. The church has two stories or floors, and upon each floor an equal number of chapels. It is in this church that I was shown several tombs, which I understood my valet to say, were the tombs of the Tsars previous to Peter the Great. The tomb of "Ivan the Terrible" was pointed out to me; and on it was laid the heavy iron chain, to which an iron cross was suspended, that the Tsar wore constantly around his neck. Both of these, the chain and the cross, must have come from the blacksmith-shop, and at a time when the sons of Vulcan did not know their trade as well as their descendants do now. I observed, also, some other rude iron ornaments which the Tsar wore about him.

In one of the chapels I was shown the image, "the real image," as my guide termed it, of "our holy mother of Casan." Like most of the Russian images, the painting was excessively coarse; a quantity of precious stones encircled her brow, and below the frame of the picture I noticed, tied to a string, a quantity of pieces of gold and silver in the shape of legs, feet, eyes, and indeed almost every part of the human form divine. I asked what they meant; my guide informed me that, centuries ago, a lady in Moscow had a dream. She had been suffering, a cripple, for many years. She dreamed that a visit to this picture, which was then at Casan, would restore to her the use of her limbs. She repaired to Casan, and she was healed! She brought the image with her to Moscow, and here it has been ever since. And now it is visited with pious veneration by the lame, the halt, and the blind, who leave at the shrine the little trinkets that I have just been speaking of, accordingly as they are affected. I saw, also, in one of the chapels, some teeth, and other old bones of "remarkable saints," which are held in great veneration; for the opportunity of kissing which (for they are usually locked up in a glass case), the devotee must have influence, and no doubt a few pieces of gold—the latter given for "pious uses;" though in reality the coin goes into the priest's pocket. With this faint description of the Cathedral of St. Basil, I leave the subject for the present, perhaps to return to it again;

it certainly is the most remarkable pile I ever beheld. I ought not, however, to leave it without telling you that it was from the main tower of this cathedral, that I beheld for the first time the magnificent panorama of Moscow; the like of which I do not believe can be found upon the globe! But I will not speak of it here; for since Saturday morning, I have had a grander view of Moscow than that seen from St. Basil.

We are once more without the holy precincts of St. Basil, and in the open square, or the "beautiful place," so called, at the extremity of which, the cathedral I have just spoken of stands. In the distance, in front of the cathedral, we find a monument erected by the Emperor Alexander to Minin and Pojarski, the merchant and the prince who delivered Moscow from a Tartar invasion in the 17th century. It represents the merchant (I believe he was a butcher residing at Novgorod) laying his treasures at the feet of the prince, to enable him to raise his army against the Tartars. I have read of the deeds of both prince and merchant in some book, and only wonder that the monument was not erected by some one of the Czars before Alexander. But enough of the monument. Near to us, on our left, at a distance of one hundred yards, in the centre of the Kremlin walls, rises a lofty white painted steeple, surmounted at its summit by large imperial eagles. A large, arched gateway passes through this steeple to the interior of the Kremlin. Crowds of people are passing in and out at this gate, and many are on their bended knees in reverence and prayer at its threshold, and every person I see has his head uncovered. It is the Spaskiya Vorotui or "Holy Gate." In passing through the Holy Gate, every individual, from serf to Emperor and Czar, having taken off his hat, goes uncovered, and the Russians always stop to cross themselves before the image of the Saviour at the entrance. At this gate are stationed sentinels to remind the foreigner, who is ignorant of the custom, of his duty. Different accounts are given of the origin of this custom, but I doubt not it was a superstition of the dark ages, preserved down to this day. The Russians themselves seem not to have any clear notion on the subject. But you will be told even by intelligent Russians (and I quote the anecdote as illustrative of the existing prejudices) that in 1812, when Napoleon held his residence in Moscow, every time he attempted to pass through the Holy Gate, his horse pranced and fell with him, and *always exactly on the same spot!* Long after he left Moscow, and even at present, a hollow in the pavement, said to have been made by the violent and indignant stroke of the horse, attracts many spectators. The

general opinion is, that the *wicked Napoleon* was reckoned unworthy of passing "the gates of our Saviour," and that his horse, like Balaam's ass, was inspired, and thus rebuked him!! If the pavements in Moscow were no better in 1812 than they are now, I do not wonder that Napoleon's horse stumbled. Through this "Holy Gate," with head uncovered, I passed, and I was now within the tapering towers and battlements of the Kremlin, the great object of my visit to Moscow. Hardly had I entered, and before I had time to look about me, I spied the "Big Bell," and regardless of other scenes around, I proceeded to it at once. It is a monster, there is no gainsaying it. This bell was cast in the reign of the late Empress Ann, and weighs, they say, 432,000 pounds. Soon after its erection, preparatory to its being hoisted into the belfry of the cathedral, the beam that supported it gave way, and the bell, in its fall, buried itself deep into the earth. Here it remained till 1837, when the present Emperor, justly regarding it as one of the wonders of the world, ordered it to be dug out, and placed upon a granite pedestal, where it now stands by the side of the cathedral. In its fall, a portion of the bell was broken out, and the piece now lies by the side of the pedestal. I found by measurement, that the thickest part of the metal broken out, was nearly the length of my three feet, one put before the other; the base of this piece I also measured in like manner, and found it about eight of my feet in length. The height of the piece broken out, is about seven feet, and through the aperture, two men, six feet high, can walk into the bell without touching either side. The bell, I was told, is about twenty-five feet high. The bell, it is said, cost a very great sum; for every one, ambitious to contribute towards it, threw some gold or silver into the furnaces.

So much for the bell, near which I spied the "monarch gun," the largest cannon ever cast, and another wonder of the world. Its weight is 86,400 pounds. It was cast in 1586, in the reign of Phedor Ivanowitch Gosudar, Autocrat of all the Russias. Its length is sixteen feet; the diameter of its calibre three feet, and it requires fifty pounds of powder to load it. It is placed on the south side of the grand entrance to the arsenal, and so long as Russian superstition shall exist, the gun will probably remain there. I will give you the reason for my belief, by repeating an anecdote which was told me to-day, in regard to this gun. Some one of the "Ivans," (it is of no consequence which Tsar it was,) was about to set out with his army for Casan, to fight the Tartars, and he wished to take the gun along with him. Twenty horses were harnessed to the gun, but it was too heavy, they could not start it. The

Tsar then ordered fifty horses to be attached, but the gun would not budge an inch. The Tsar flew into a violent rage, and, obtaining some rods or sticks, he went to work and gave the gun a sound drubbing, said it was not worthy of him and his holy cause, and *as a punishment to it*, he issued a ukase that the big gun should never leave its present position! The Drobovick or great gun is placed at one of the corners of the arsenal within the Kremlin, and it has for its company around the arsenal, several hundred of the enemy's cannon and howitzers: if I had commenced counting them, the sentinel on duty would have stopped me. I understand, however, there are about 800. To each gun there is a tablet indicating the situation and number which once belonged to each of the different powers leagued with France, at the invasion of Russia. Among these guns, there are pieces formerly belonging to France, Austria, Naples, Bavaria, Westphalia, Saxony, Hanover, Italy, Wurtemberg, Spain, Poland, and Holland,—a handsome memorial of the visit of those potentates who accompanied Napoleon to Moscow.

The remaining objects of interest in the Kremlin, the palaces, the Cathedral, the treasury, and the arsenal, I could not visit to-day; a special permission must first be obtained. This I shall no doubt have as soon as I have called upon Count B——, the great man of Moscow at present, a favourite of the Imperial family, to whom I have brought a letter of introduction.

Leaving the Kremlin, I stopped at the celebrated riding-school of Moscow, close by, one of the many wonders of this wonderful city. It is said to be the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars. Its length is about 170 yards, and its breadth about 90 yards. The interior of the building is adorned with several *bas-reliefs* of men in arms. This immense room was built for the exercise of the troops during the frosts of a Russian winter; and I should think 10,000 men could manœuvre in it with ease. It is heated in winter by about 20 large stoves (or puches), which are placed at regular distances around the manege. I walked through the manege; and then entering my carriage, which had come round to meet me, drove home.

After dinner, my valet proposed to me a visit to the Simeonouskoi Monastery, situated without the barriers of the city, and from which, he informed me, one of the best views of the beautiful panorama of Moscow might be obtained. I readily assented, and may tell you here that my reception at the Monastery was more than I expected, and all I could have desired. As long as I live I shall never forget this afternoon. After driving about a half hour

through the streets of Moscow, at every turn coming across some old church more grotesque in its appearance than those we left behind, whose domes, some of porcelain and others of metal, represented all the hues of the rainbow, we found ourselves near the Simeonouskoi, whose fortress-looking walls and numerous towers, all varying in appearance,—some of them with large and others with slender bases, some of them white and others partly covered with reddish tiles,—seemed to warn us not to attempt an entrance into its holy precincts. It was indeed an imposing sight; the white walls, overtopped by various-shaped and coloured towers, the singularly-painted churches within the walls,—the green domes of one, the azure domes besprinkled with golden stars of another,—the red and yellow houses of the monks, and the tall rose-coloured tower and belfry, standing alone in its glory, presented, as you may conceive, a beautiful aspect as we ascended the "holy hill."

The Monastery is situated upon high ground, and from it one of the best views of Moscow is seen. When we had reached the top of the hill, and were driving along the gravelled road cut out at its brow, I ordered the carriage to stop, that I might feast my eyes upon the scene below and before me. It was magnificent! The Tartar capital was within the compass of my eye, and its countless gilded domes, mingled with the green roofs of the houses, glittered like sunbeams upon the sea. At my feet the Moscova was moving along its quiet waters, and the breeze was gently stirring the trees along its bank, and ever and anon the deep tones of the cathedral bells were coming up from the city. I thought how pleasant it would be to lead a monk's life at Simeononoff; but I forgot a Russian winter makes sad changes upon the face of summer's charms. On I drove, and entered the long, arched gateway, cut through the wall, and I stood upon the green-sward in front of the churches of the Monastery. Directly before me was the church dedicated to the *Assumption of the Virgin*, which was consecrated in the year 1405, and which stands in the middle of the court. Its five domes are green, and they are surmounted with gilded crosses and chains. Adjoining stands the singular *Church of St. Sergii*, the miracle-worker, with a large square trapeza curiously painted; near stands the *Church of the Discovery of the Cross*; near this the church of Ksenophont and his society; and lastly, the church of the *Prodigies of the Most Holy Mother of God*. We hoped to have arrived at the Monastery in time to hear the chant of the afternoon service by the monks; for the style of singing at this monastery is quite peculiar to it, and has a reputation all over Russia; but we were too

late, the service was over. So, after visiting the churches, and drinking a cup of *quass* with a monk in one of the rooms adjoining a chapel, we sauntered through the grounds and reached our carriage at the gateway, intending to go home. My valet, however, on our way, remarked, *en passant*, that the superior of this monastery was a very old and learned man; and that strangers were generally received very kindly by him. So, without a thought, before I got into the carriage, I sent the valet to the old archimandrite's house with my card and compliments. He soon returned, telling me that "Melchisedec" (for that was the name of the old man) would be charmed to see me. I immediately mounted the steps that led to his quarters, and, after waiting a moment in the reception-room, was received by the old gentleman, who approached me with both hands extended, and begged me to be seated. He was a man of about seventy years of age, and has been in the monastery over thirty years. He was habited in the monk's costume, a flowing black robe, with a black, inverted sugar-loaf hat upon his head. His snow-white beard extended down over his breast, and around his neck he wore a massive gold chain, to which was suspended in front a heavy cross, composed of amethyst, emerald, and diamond; a present, he afterwards told me, from the Emperor Nicholas. In his hand he carried a string of amber beads. He was short, and of very full habit. After we had been talking a moment, he proposed that we should go and sit out on the balcony of his house, and which hangs over the road, the view from which I have just been describing. I of course consented, and again had an opportunity of feasting my eyes on the panorama of Moscow, which, like Niagara, increases in interest and beauty at every visit. Here we became much engrossed in conversation. He asked me all kinds of questions about America, and told me a good many anecdotes about himself; gave me an account of a visit he received from the Emperor during his late visit to Moscow; had a good deal to say of the Emperor Alexander, &c. I seemed to have made a very good first impression on the kind-hearted old man, and repeatedly did he press my hand and bless me. At last he sent his servant to bring him a present for me, which he wished me to keep as a *souvenir* of "Melchisedec." It is a book written by the archimandrite, giving a history of the Monastery, and also the author's life. He wrote my name and his own in the book and then presented it to me, together with six large engravings, giving different views of the Monastery. Of course I felt much flattered by the old man's kindness, and could not refrain from following the Russian custom of always kissing the donor's hand!

This custom of kissing the hand has sometimes a very pretty effect. What prettier domestic sight is there, for example, than that of the old and young children in a Russian family approaching their mother, after dinner, and kissing her hand in thankfulness for the bounty she has provided them? This custom is still preserved in every Russian family. The old gentleman then insisted that I should stop and break bread with him, and then, at seven o'clock, accompany him to the church and hear the monks chant the Saturday evening service. I readily consented, and soon the servant came to tell us that tea was ready. We went into a room adjoining the one leading out on the balcony, and very soon a monk brought us tea and two little loaves of warm bread upon a wooden plate. The old prelate then said, "You see my fare: I asked you to come and break bread with me, and I can give you nothing but a bit of my little loaf," and he broke the little loaf in two, and gave me half. As I said before, the loaves were warm, about the size of the little warm bread breakfast biscuits at home; and I thought of home as I was eating the half loaf Melchisedec had given me. The old man then began to talk of America again, and I astonished him when I told him some facts in relation to our country. He asked me if I was married, and to my negative answer he said, "You must marry, you must marry; you have my blessing;" and he continued, "when the present Emperor was married (or crowned) I gave him one of these little loaves of bread, with my blessing. His Majesty still has the loaf, he keeps it under a glass case, and he told me the other day, when he came to the Monastery, that it was still fresh. I present you also with a similar loaf, and with it I give you my blessing. Preserve the loaf till your wedding-day, when you must divide it with your bride." I felt so touched by the old reverend's kindness, that I could have fallen upon his neck. I thanked him over and over again, and assured him that I should preserve the little loaf as the apple of my eye.

It was now near seven o'clock, and the different convents and monasteries of Moscow were waiting to hear the deep tone of the Cathedral bell in the Kremlin to summon their own bells to chime their evening hymn. And presently the sound from the Kremlin came wafted up to the Monastery, and of a sudden the chimes of Simeonouskoi were calling the monks to their service in the church. In about ten minutes the archimandrite thought we had better set out for the church. We descended the steps, and as soon as Melchisedec had reached the porch of his house, the big bell of the Monastery—the monarch of all the bells in the lofty tower I have before alluded to, and which till

now had remained silent—mingled its thunders with the chimes, in honour of the archimandrite's approach. I walked by the side of old Melchisedec, and the rear was brought up by monks, and, as is usual the world over, the "great unwashed;" in this instance, with long beards and dirty sheep-skins! Two monks, arrayed in robes of gold and green, the threads of each being woven one with another, received the venerable old man at the porch of the church, and escorted him to his chair of state or throne in the body of the church, bowing and throwing the cup of incense up before him continually. I left my venerable friend here, not daring to accompany him any farther, and proceeded to secure a good place, where I could hear the music. But he had no sooner seated himself upon his throne than, espying me, he beckoned me to come to him, and I stood by his side again. The service then commenced. The massive gilt gates of the Iconostase were thrown open, and the officiating monks came out from the "holy of holies," and, after having approached the archimandrite, bowing and throwing incense before him continually, they turned towards the altar, and one of them read a chapter from the evangelists, after which the choir of monks commenced their chant. And I never listened with more interest to any music. It was so peculiar; it was the music of *whispers*; for, although I stood within six feet of the choir, the sounds seemed to come from afar and brought to me upon the evening wind, or, if I do not use too strong language, they sounded like the chant of angels in the skies. Such softness of voice I never before heard in a body of singers; and, what seemed to me the more astonishing, these voices proceeded from full-grown, long-bearded men! During the service the archimandrite asked me *how I was pleased*, and told me that the service would be very long, and that I might leave when I wished. I remained some time longer, and then, after kissing the old prelate's hand, and receiving his benediction, left the church, and was again in the open square, upon the green grass. The lofty tower was close by, and my valet told me that I ought to profit by it to see the panorama of Moscow once more, and I readily assented. We mounted its winding stairway, and in a few moments were at the top. And how amply was I repaid for the trouble of reaching it! It was the most gorgeous sight I ever looked upon. The sun was just setting, and its beams were thrown across and over the entire city; the gold and silver domes and crosses of the churches seemed as if on fire, and the thousand stars that dotted the green and the blue minarets looked like balls of fire. I was lost for a moment in the gran-

deur of the view. I cannot describe it to you, or impart the sensations which it awakened in me. At one time, I thought I was dreaming, and was having a view of "the golden city." Then, casting my eyes to the Kremlin, the wars of the ancient Tsars, and Ivan the Terrible, rose up to my imagination. And then I thought of the conflagration of Moscow! I cast my eyes to the north, and saw in the distance "Sparrow Hills,"—the point from which Napoleon caught his first glimpse of Moscow,—and I saw in my imagination the stern child of destiny himself, mounted upon his snow-white steed, with folded arms and flashing eyes, gazing upon the wonderful city which cost him the lives of so many of his veteran guard to behold. I fancied him and his armed legions, with hands uplifted, bursting forth in one cry, "Behold! Moscow! Moscow!" and I saw his army advancing to the spot which no foreign force had before been masters of:—"Sparrow Hills," and the cross-surmounted domes of Moscow;—the one a monument eternal to show to the world how many lives man sacrificed to exalt himself, the other testifying the love of "One like us," who laid down his life to save a rebellious world.

I remained in the tower for some time; the longer I remained the more interested I became. At about nine o'clock, drove into town and home, stopping at a monastery on our way, and hearing some fine music.

Sunday.—I attended church this morning at the British chapel, a neat little chapel, of which Rev. Mr. Grenside, an Englishman, is pastor. My valet informed me that about one hundred and fifty persons attended the church generally.

After church we drove out beyond the limits of the city to a prison where the exiles to Siberia are confined previous to their departure. Every Sunday a number of these exiles set out on foot, under a guard of soldiers, for their last home on earth; and whoever comes to Moscow from abroad to see its sights is generally present at one of these sad spectacles. Upon sending my card in to the superintendent of the prison, I was immediately let within the gate, and I found myself in the yard where the exiles or prisoners were already assembled previous to their starting off, which generally takes place at two o'clock. They were standing, two deep, in a line, and there were about twenty in all. Each prisoner had on a coarse gray overcoat, and a cap of the same coarse cloth. There was one woman among the prisoners. My valet immediately conducted me to an old gentleman who was standing near the prisoners, and who, he said, was the "prisoner's best friend." He received me very kindly. This gentleman is an old Russian,

formerly possessed of riches, which he got rid of in doing good to his fellow-men, who visits the prison every Sunday from pure philanthropic motives, to attend to the wants of the prisoners, and aid them, as far as he is able, with the small sums of money which he collects for them during the week. He is a man of education, and speaks French perfectly.

Almost the first words he spoke to me were—"These poor unfortunates have reason to remember your noble, your good Washington." His remark surprised me—I could not understand it,—when he explained that George Washington was the founder of a library which now gives to every exile a good book to take with him to his dreary home. It was Washington who originated the idea and furnished the first sum of money towards establishing a fund for procuring books to be given to the Siberian exiles. And now, not an exile starts upon his long and wearisome journey without his book to read, if he will, upon his way. Thus, even in the wilds of Siberia the memory of our Washington is precious, and will endure for ever. The money Washington sent when President of the United States.

While we were talking, I observed a benevolent old Russian merchant approach the exiles and distribute among them some pieces of money from the bag he held in his hand. From my observation I am prepared to say that the Russians are very generous. I contributed a mite for the poor fellows, which they thanked me for. I ascertained from Mr. G., the prisoners' friend, the offences for which they were going to Siberia. The greater part of them were to go to the "colonies," so called, where they were to remain, but they would have their liberty. I also learned from Mr. G. that some of the Siberian colonies were very flourishing. On their arrival, the exiles are furnished with a tract of land, which they must cultivate, or starve. Among the number was one poor fellow, who was sent for smuggling. There was one very hard case among them,—that of a peasant, or serf, for whom, because he had not worked and paid to his master a yearly revenue for the last three years, his master had procured an exile to Siberia! This poor fellow was heavily chained about his feet. But the hardest part of the story is yet to be told. The poor peasant had a wife and two little children—one quite an infant,—and she and her little ones were to accompany him in his exile! The mother and children were seated in a rude little cart, drawn by one horse, and they were to follow the prisoners as they went onwards. One of the prisoners was to work for life in the mines:—his crime was murder. The woman had killed her child; through shame she strangled it at its birth.

She was a young woman. I pitied her, and was glad to learn that she was only an exile to the colonies. The prisoners appeared to be all well clothed. The hair from half the head of each prisoner was shaven. All things being now ready, the good old man addressed the exiles, exhorting them to be patient on the road, and to obey without a murmur the orders of the officers. They then all turned to the cross upon the dome of the prison-chapel, and repeatedly bowed and crossed themselves. The order was now given to take up the line of march; and these poor fellows, "fresh from the knout, and recent from the chain," filed off one by one, and each man was counted as he left the yard. Arrived outside the wall, a guard of soldiers and four mounted Cossacks received them. Here they stopped for a moment, and here I witnessed a heart-rending scene. A poor old woman had been anxiously awaiting the entry of the exiles from out the yard; and when at last they came out, she saw a brother and a son in their gang. She uttered a shriek, and fell upon the ground, and there she remained, raving most piteously, clutching the earth, then looking to the exiles, and making the air ring with her screams, till the drum beat and the prisoners marched off. She then rose and followed on after the procession, crying and sobbing very loud, but she was not permitted to approach near those so dear to her. Not a word could she say to them; not even a last farewell was allowed.

I stood upon the hill and watched the exiles till they were out of sight. Some of them were in tears as they went along. They walk about fifteen miles a day, which is not so much as I supposed. After this scene, the like of which I do not care about witnessing again, I drove to "Sparrow Hills;" and here I stood upon the spot where Napoleon and his army, joyous with anticipations never to be realized, saw the first of the old Tartar city. I could imagine their feelings when, after the dreary journey they had made, and the toils they had endured, the beautiful city burst upon their sight. Under any circumstances, the view from "Sparrow Hills" is hardly equalled, in its kind, in the world; and what must have been Napoleon's feelings as he gazed upon the Kremlin and the gilded domes that surround it, and thought that he was soon to be master of them all! I could fancy him exclaiming with delight, "Now will the dream of my ambition be satisfied; I have conquered all Europe, and I am now about to have Asia within my grasp!"

And now I traced him and his veterans on their march. I saw his army cross the Moskova, whose sluggish stream was at my feet, and upon the other side of the river stop at

the large convent of the Devrtchei, whose walls, turrets, and battlements, remain now as then, and rest for the night; and I saw it advance in the morning towards the city, meeting with no opposition on its way, becoming masters of the thrones and palaces of the Tartar kings, till the cry of "fire!" broke out from palace, temple, and hovel, and the devouring element forced the invaders to withdraw.

The afternoon was beautiful, and the panorama of Moscow again seemed more beautiful than before. The sun was at my back, and the city looked like a beautiful piece of mosaic studded with precious gems—emerald, ruby, amethyst, and diamond; I left the spot with reluctance. Entering my carriage, I now drove towards the city, and made a visit to the Donskoi convent (Donskoi meaning "Virgin of the Cossacks of the Don,") a spot of great antiquity, celebrity, and I may add, sanctity. It is very large, and was built in 1591. It has a very warlike appearance, being surrounded by a high, antique, Tartar wall, painted in streaks of red and white, with ramparts like those of the Kremlin, and pierced with oblique port-holes. Its history is somewhat peculiar. About the time it was built, Moscow was invaded by the Tartars. Not being able to oppose the superior forces of the Agrarians or Sarazens, the Tsar, Thedor Ivanovitch, ran to the kind *Protectress*, with all his council, and seized the Image of the Donskoya, Mother of God, which had been presented to the Great Duke Divinsk by the Cossacks of the Don. A holy procession took place around the encampments of his army, the site built upon (Sparrow Field); the image was placed in the movable tent-church, and a complete victory was gained over the Sarazens, in commemoration of which the church was originally built. Since then a cathedral church has been added, a large, fine-looking building, having a central turret, bearing a gilded cupola, with a plain, simple cross, surrounded by four smaller turrets, with gilded stars and crosses with crescents below. We had hardly entered within the walls, when we spied a monk, to whom I sent my valet with my card, to ask permission to visit the cathedral and cemetery. The monk very politely proposed accompanying me all over the monastery, and before we parted, we became well acquainted with each other. He was a young man of much intelligence (a quality rarely found among the Russian monks or priests), and his history, as he related it to me, is so interesting that I must tell you of it. His father is a general in the Russian service, and his family are near relatives of the Princes D— and V—, two of the oldest families in Russia. He received a finished education, and possessed a large fortune. For five years past

he has not been able to lie down, he suffers so much from asthma. He tried every remedy, but nothing alleviated his disease. He saw that his mother was anxious about him, and that he occasioned some trouble at home. In his words, "I saw that I could never do anything in this world; that I was only causing anxiety to my friends. I made up my mind to devote myself to God, and leave my care to him; and I came here, and here I expect to spend my days, and, at last, mingle my dust with that of the churchyard we are now about to visit."

I was quite interested in the young man's history. He seemed very cheerful, and resigned to his fate. We now entered the graveyard in which are interred members of the most ancient and most distinguished families in Russia—the Galitiens, Dolgorukis, Schertortoffs, &c., &c., as well as distinguished prelates of the Greek Church. Large sums of money are paid for permission to be buried within the Donskoi. The general appearance of the cemetery will not compare with many I have seen in the United States; and yet there were some elegant and well-designed monuments and obelisks; and I made an interesting examination of many of them—having my thoughts on life, death, and eternity. Several of the monuments I was particularly struck with. That of Madame Barishnikoff, a lady cut off in the flower of her years, leaving eight children behind, you will also admit to be very fine: Death is holding a scythe in his left hand, and leading away a female victim; the husband is represented interceding with the grim monster to spare his wife; the children are kneeling, in prayer, that Death would not take from them their mother; but she, with a smile upon her countenance, points to heaven, and indicates her abode.

Another interesting monument is that of a soldier, who was formerly the attendant of the present Emperor, when a boy, in his walks. He was with the Emperor Alexander when the French invaded Russia. He saw a French soldier in the act of running his sword through the Emperor's body—the Emperor had been thrown from his horse: the soldier ran to him, killed the Frenchman, put the Emperor on his own horse, and told the Emperor to fly for his life; a moment after, the soldier was shot, and died. He was buried in this cemetery; and over his grave is a marble monument, and upon the monument the hat, sword, and coat, of the soldier, in cast iron, are placed.

From the cemetery we visited the different churches of the monastery, the interiors of which are richly gilded and decorated, and the walls covered with coarse paintings of scripture scenes. Some of them are hardly

superior to the "Whale and Jonah" in St. Basil, which I have already described. The image of the Donskaya, Mother of God, is in the great cathedral, in the centre of one of the lofty and immense gilded gates which shut out the sacrament from the view of ladies; for no female is ever permitted to put foot within the sanctuary. If a Russian lady should attempt it, she might make up her mind to spend her days in Siberia. This image, like all the Russian images, is a great daub, inferior, if anything, to a tavern sign; but it is loaded with diamonds and other precious stones—the brilliant in the centre of the tiara, on the brow of the image, might be worth five thousand dollars. The Iconostas of this cathedral is very rich; it is one map of gilt, forty feet high, and as many feet broad. In one of the churches we were shown the tomb of Ambrosius, Archbishop of Moscow; and upon it lay his mitre of silver, studded with gems. This Bishop was murdered by his people in 1771. The plague was then raging at Moscow, and the Bishop, a sensible man, advised his people not to kiss (as is and was their wont) the images during the plague, lest some one may have kissed them who had at the time the pest, and thus the disease might be communicated. The people, blind with superstition, could not understand why they should be forbidden to kiss their images; the cry was raised that the Bishop had the devil in him, and poor Ambrosius was discovered in his hiding-place, in a gallery of the church, and most inhumanly murdered. This was related to me by the monk. Thus was Russian superstition in 1771; but I do not think it has improved much, even at this present time.

After we had been through all the churches, the monk invited me to his cell, and showed me to a little, low room, which he called his study, and to another, farther on, where he slept and made his devotions. There was a cleanliness to be seen everywhere that one rarely meets with in a Russian's apartments. The furniture was exceedingly simple, but very comfortable. It was now time to be thinking of going to town, and I rose to bid the monk good-bye. He asked me to come and see him before I left town, and proposed my visiting the monastery next Saturday evening, and hear the evening service chanted; and to come early, and take a cup of tea with him. I asked him, in leaving, if I could be of any assistance to him; and if so, to command me. He replied, "My friends often put the same question to me, and my uniform answer is, 'Pray for me!'"

When I arrived home, I ordered dinner; and in the evening took a drive to the public walks or gardens, where of a Sunday evening I un-

derstood a great crowd usually assemble, to see and be seen. A dusty drive soon found me at the Vauxhall, and I left the carriage and proceeded on foot. There were a great many people en promenade, and a good show of equipages, but nothing particularly striking in the appearance of either, unless, perhaps, I except the carriages of some of the nobility, which were drawn by six horses, four abreast and at the wheels, and two in front.

I cannot say much for the beauty of the Muscovite ladies, if the exhibition to-day was a fair specimen of it. They were extravagantly dressed, but excessively coarse in their features. I did not remain long at the park.

Monday.—I drove to the Kremlin this morning, and sent up my letter and card to Baron —. He immediately gave an order that the palaces of the Kremlin should be open for me at two o'clock, and appointed an officer to meet me at that hour and conduct me through the apartments. It was now only twelve o'clock, and, having two hours to spare, I visited the Treasury, so called, in the Kremlin. To describe what I saw there would require sheets of vellum. In the treasury is collected the wealth of all the Tsars of Russia;—the crowns of all the Tsars, their thrones, their services of gold plate, their court dresses, state beds, jewels, and I know not what else,—everything, as you may well suppose, of a richness and splendour unsurpassed in the times they were produced. What struck me the most, among the gold services of the different Tsars, was the dinner-service of Ivan the Terrible. He used to regale his guests in gold goblets about the size and shape of a frying-pan. One of these wine-bowls will hold at least a bottle of wine; and I doubt if even in Ivan's time his guests could drink many of these bumpers to the health of their Gospuda. Sad, however, was the fate of the unlucky fellow who *balked* on such an occasion as this. Just out of the Kremlin walls, in the beautiful place, and close by "St. Basil," the circular stone platform now stands, where the Tsar Ivan used to drag his rebellious subjects, and with one blow of his heavy sword sever the head from the shoulders of his victims.

To give you an idea of the richness of the imperial crowns, that of Catharine I. is bedecked with above 25,560 precious stones. Among other curiosities are a pair of enormous boots, worn by Peter the Great, his immense tankard, and several pieces of mechanism of his own execution. Among the gold cups I saw, that of the Empress Ann weighs twenty-nine pounds.

But, after all, what interested me most (for I soon grew tired of looking at crowns, thrones, gold services, and all that trash) was a sou-

venir of Napoleon. Everything in relation to that great man—the greatest of his own, if not any, age—interests me; and I stood for some moments by the side of the iron bedstead and cot he slept upon during his Russian campaign. “What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!” How little did the blacksmith of the Faubourg St. Germain or St. Denis, in Paris, dream, when he was constructing the camp bedstead for “*l'Empereur*,” that it would one day occupy a place in the Kremlin, by the side of the gem-bedecked thrones of the Tsars of Russia, there to remain, till the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, yea, even the great globe itself, should dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a rack behind.

It was now near two o'clock, and I left the Treasury to visit the palaces within the Kremlin. There are two palaces,—the old and the new. The last has just been finished, and was open for the first time on the occasion of the Emperor's late visit to Moscow. The officer appointed to conduct me through the apartments of the palace was already in waiting to receive me, and he proved unremitting in his attentions. It would be needless to describe the interior of these palaces. The new palace is of a richness surpassing all others that I have seen, and the profusion of gold upon the walls and the columns of solid malachite in the rooms, quite dazzled me, accustomed as I have been the past two years to sights of this kind. I cannot particularise what I saw;—it was one blaze of luxury. Besides, these sights do not make upon me the same impression they once did. I well remember how, when, just fresh from the plain republican halls of America, I found myself within the saloons of the Tuileries, I thought nothing could exceed the splendour of what I saw about me. But now, having seen the undreamed-of luxury of the palaces of the Tsars, that of the monarchs of France dwindles into insignificance. When I leave Russia, I shall be completely what the French call “*blasé*” for everything I see in the way of luxury in Europe, even as the sight of American scenery, so majestic and so grand, has spoiled me for all the charms of dame Nature on the Old World side of the Atlantic. The old palace was very curious,—gilded to a degree hardly inferior to its neighbour, the new palace. Its quaint and antique appearance interested me more than did the new. I will not particularise the rooms even in this palace, except one,—a low, arched saloon, heavily gilded, and its walls adorned with old paintings. This was a sort of council-chamber of the old Tsars, and where marriage-contracts between the Tsar and foreign princes were agreed upon. Into this chamber the daughters

or sons of the Tsar who were to be disposed of were not, upon the occasions just alluded to, admitted; but I was shown a private room adjoining, where the young victims might sit and hear, unknown to any one within, the deliberations that were being had upon their fate. From the top of the old palace I was again gratified with another view of the Kremlin and the surrounding city. The view increases in interest every time I look upon it.

In the morning I drove a few versts in the country to Marienrosh, so called,—a promenade for the lower classes of the city. It is situated near a vast wood, and is not spoiled by art. I met here all sorts of people, and found them engaged in all sorts of amusements. I came across several bands of gipsy women, and I collected about twenty of the girls together in one of the rooms of a restaurant, and gave them a couple of roubles for singing to me some of their wild songs, and seeing them dance. I like the gipsy music very much;—it is very wild, and, except in their chorus, very sweet. Among the gipsies there were two or three very pretty girls; and one of them, after she had sung a song, very quietly and in a *sans façon* manner came and sat on my knee, and asked me to—give her a glass of wine! That was indeed a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

There is a pretty and pathetic story connected with Marienrosh, and the place takes its name from the circumstances which there occurred. A pretty peasant girl, named Masha (Mary), lived near to this wood, with her parents, in an humble cabin. A Russian nobleman, struck with her beauty, wished to possess her for his own vile purposes; but she was deaf to all his entreaties, his promises, and his threats. At last, in a fatal hour, under a solemn promise of marriage, she forgot herself. The man then forsook her; but she followed him wherever he went. One day the nobleman called at her father's cabin, and asked for Masha. She came out, and they walked together towards a pond;—the man, in the coarse vulgarity of his soul, begging her to accept a bag of gold, and never trouble him any more. Arrived at the pond, she took the bag and threw it into the water, and, uttering a curse upon her betrayer, she cast herself into the lake, and the waters covered her.

Tuesday.—This morning, in company with a friend, I took a walk over the business portion of this queer city. We went immediately to the bazaar or bargaining-shops, and walked over its vast extent; and of all the curious places of its kind, the Bazaar, or “*Gostinói Dwor*,” of Moscow surpasses anything I have seen. In Moscow, after the oriental custom, the prin-

cipal shops are all assembled together, and are comprised under one building, and the stranger finds himself in a town quite by itself. This building is divided into streets, or alleys, and these alleys are covered over, and light is admitted through the roof. The shops have no windows, or, rather, the front is all open. Behind a bench the merchant takes his station, and the purchaser stands in the alley, and bargains. The number of shops thus grouped together is near ten thousand. In these shops, thus open to the rigours of a Russian winter, fires are not permitted, on account of danger, and not even can a candle be lighted. I spent an hour or more going over these shops, and found something to arrest my attention at every step. There is hardly an article in the wide world that cannot be found in these shops, from a jewsharp to a fine pelisse costing five thousand dollars. At the entrance to every shop a boy is stationed, whose only vocation is to solicit the purchaser to walk in. "Shto vam ugodno?" ("What do you wish to have?") is continually ringing in one's ear as he passes along, and the greater volubility of tongue the boy has, the greater wages does he get. Among the shops we visited was one where furs are sold, and I was shown a sable-skin lining for a cloak, the price of which was four thousand roubles, and for a cloak-collar of the same skin one thousand roubles was demanded. As you may well conceive, they were very beautiful.

Near to these shops we visited a Russian tea-house, where the Russian merchants come in the middle of the day to drink tea. At most of the tables I found generally three merchants, with a large dish of soup between them, in which each merchant was continually dipping his spoon, and eating therefrom. The tea was served in tumblers, with a slice of lemon, each person being furnished with a small teapot. Before the Russian uses his tumbler and saucer, he pours some hot tea in the saucer, and then rolls the tumbler in the saucer, to be sure that it is clean enough to drink from.

My friend wished me to dine with him to-day at a Russian restaurant, where he was going to give me a real Russian dinner. I accepted, and at two o'clock we sat down to the table, —three of us.

First of all, we were served with a Russian liqueur, handed to us in a little silver tumbler, which was emptied and passed round till we had all drank our schnaps. Then a plate of a delicate fish swimming in oil and vinegar, and by its side two plates, one containing caviar, the other, small green onions; besides, some delicious bread and butter, the Moscow bread being superior to any I have found else-

where. All this was a sort of prelude to the dinner: it is the Russian custom; and you are never invited to a Russian dinner without first being asked to partake of schnaps and some delicacy of the kind just mentioned. Dinner was now brought on the table, our first course being the celebrated Russian soup called *oukâ*. It is made of the head of the *sterlet*, a fish considered a great treat in the Russian cuisine. This fish is caught in the Volga, and is brought, hundreds of miles, alive to Moscow. It is, as you may suppose, an expensive dish, and it is one of the richest soups I have ever tasted. It is of a yellow colour, and, standing in the soup plate, looks like an ordinary chicken broth, in which olive oil had been poured and was now floating in specks upon the surface. I am very fond of it. After this came a dish, peculiarly, I am glad to say, Russian, and I do not think any nation but the Russian could tolerate it. When my friend asked me what I thought of it, I felt like answering him as the Duke of Wellington did the Emperor Alexander, when the latter thought he was giving the former something particularly *recherché*, and asked him how he found the Russian soup. The Iron Duke replied, "*Votre Majesté, c'est détestable!*" And you will be of the same opinion when I tell you the ingredients which compose it. In the first place, it is a cold soup—bah!—and it is a mixture of cucumbers, cold fish, horseradish, and the vile Russian *krass*, a sort of sour beer. There! what do you think of the national soup of Russia? But my companions ate it with a gusto. As for my plate, I put several table-spoonfuls of grated horseradish into it, and gave it to the bearded mujick who served us to eat. The fellow laughed at my strange want of taste, and took away the plate in high glee. After this came a dish of cold *sterlet*, which I should have liked better had it been hot; then, a baked pig, and after this, game,—this last very nice. With the above we had plenty of Lafitte, Sauterne, and Russian beer, and a bottle of raspberry *krass*, which was very good. Champagne was now brought on, and with it a composition of fresh fruit served in large tumblers. The fruits thus *mêlé* were strawberries, cherries, peaches, plums, and pineapples, over which was a rich syrup. And thus ended our Russian dinner.

Thursday.—After breakfast I drove to the Kremlin, to visit the famous tower called "Trau Velikii." Its height is about 270 feet, and it is surmounted by a gilt cupola and cross. Its form is octagonal, and becomes smaller at its different stories as you approach the highest story, which is round. In each story there are long, narrow windows, and every story is furnished with a bell or bells,

growing smaller in size the higher you ascend, until in the last story you find two silver bells, of about three hundred pounds weight each. There were three of these silver bells formerly, one of which the French carried off at the invasion. From each of these stories the view of Moscow is very fine, and from the top of the tower unequalled in any part of the city.

While at the Kremlin, I obtained permission to visit the Alexander and Petrovskoi palaces; and I made a long visit to the former, before I returned home. This palace is situated out of town, and on the road to Sparrow Hills. It formerly belonged to the Countess Orloff, and she occupied it as her private mansion till the Emperor Alexander fell in love with it; and after being offered twelve millions of roubles for it, which she refused, she generously made it a present to the Emperor. It is very small in comparison with other palaces, and hardly deserves the name of a palace; but of all the palaces I have seen, I would much prefer to live in this—the little Alexander Palace. It has such a compact, comfortable look, and the furniture, though very elegant, is not covered with gilt and gingerbread work, looking as if intended to gaze in wonder at, but not to use, as is the case in most palaces I have been inside of. But the charm, to me, of the palace, was the view from the upper story back windows, and the beautiful grounds surrounding it. These grounds were laid out with great taste and beauty, abounding in hill and dale, and pretty walks. The day was beautiful, and the birds were singing merrily upon the branches of the trees; and I threw myself down upon the green grass and listened to them for some time. It is a great treat to hear a bird sing in Russia. The Moskova runs by these grounds. Down in a sort of dell, there is a pretty pond and summer-house, a favourite resort of the Empress, and a fascinating spot; and close by, upon an eminence partly artificial, and perched upon some rude rocks, you see a rustic summer-house, in the form of a temple, which Peter the Great constructed with his own hands, for the Countess Orloff, then living. It is covered with white birch bark, nailed to the building, and has a fine appearance as you look up to it from below. I left the garden to visit the extensive *orangerie* of the palace, where I picked up a few flowers en souvenir of my visit.

I dined to-day with —, and after dinner he accompanied me to Marienvosch where there was to be a great fête and promenade. We arrived there covered with dust, and at once pierced into the woods, where we beheld a curious scene indeed. I suppose there were several thousand people of all ages, sexes, and conditions, collected together, and scattered over

the forest. There was the peasant-woman in her national costume, the gipsy in hers, and the lady of the nobility in hers—soldiers, labourers, merchants, and princes, made up the heterogeneous mass; and there was music, singing, and dancing, all around. The greater portion of this vast throng, however, were quietly seated on the grass, drinking tea. Groups of ten and twenty were to be seen everywhere, seated à la Turc, around a white table-cloth placed upon the ground, with the boiling *samavai* steaming up in their midst, drinking this famous beverage of all true Bashkirs. It was an animating scene, and I enjoyed it very much. I have thus far forgotten to note a sight I see every day that I pass the walls of the Kremlin. Just outside the wall, near one of the gates, there is a little building in form of a temple, to which and from which I have observed crowds of devotees going and returning incessantly. I inquired of my valet what saint's image the little temple contained; and he informed me that it was an image which was supposed to possess the power of granting riches; and great were the crowds of supplicants for the favours of the image, which itself (or herself, for it is some virgin) is very rich! The brilliants on her brow, and about her person, are worth millions of roubles! Whenever a parent dies, leaving orphan children, and without means of support, for a handsome sum of money this image is permitted to be taken to the house of the poor children, where it is worshipped in the hope and belief that it will dispense its favours upon the orphans. Of course, if the children afterwards get along well in the world, it is all attributed to the image; and if ill-luck attends them, they dare not murmur. Another sight I had almost forgotten to mention. In the public market-places I noticed several poles stuck in the ground, and resembling in appearance a "barber's pole." I learnt that on market days an image, the protector or protectress of "bargains," was hoisted up to the top of the pole, and the Russians, before they commence the attempt to cheat their customer, cross themselves before the image, and repeat the same mockery after they have concluded a favourable bargain.

Under part of the walls of the "China Moscow," a crowd of persons, from the country and city, may at all hours of the day be seen. This motley group is composed principally of women; and the place where they are assembled, is called the "Free Place," or Volnoye Mesto; here, all persons in search of situations as menials, such as cooks, maids, &c., assemble, and those in want of them go there to choose them. Any quantity of wet-nurses are also there, waiting for an engagement; and, I may add, that from all accounts there is always a de-

mand for them, and the supply is equal to the demand. I have not the highest opinion of Russian female virtue. I believe Maxwell says, in his book on Russia, that with the peasant woman, marriage is the point where female virtue *begins*, while with the nobility, it is the point where it *ends*. To hear all the stories that are told in Russia about this one and that one, you would believe the remark a just one. But there is no denying that Russia surpasses all the countries in Europe for scandalous talking. The character of the purest woman would not escape it.

Sunday.—To-day I took a stroll through a part of the city, and naturally went to the Kremlin, to view once more the panorama of Moscow, which has a new aspect from every point. As I was standing in the open square, contemplating the scene before me, I had the curiosity to count the different domes and towers of all kinds within the compass of my vision, and made out two hundred and ninety-seven; and this, you will remember, is only the number of those immediately, if I may so speak, before me.

I fear that I have given you but an imperfect view of the splendours and curiosities of this grand city—barbaric almost in its magnificence; but where so little is known of the *actuel* of the Russian Empire, as in the United States, I flatter myself that even what I have written will be read with interest.

THE BEST BOON.

BY MARY YOUNG.

Yes, where to low-voiced winds the boughs are waving,
In the green covert of yon leafy dell,
Where streamlet dews white-petalled flowers are laving,
A calm, sweet beauty and a freshness dwell.

Yet thoughts are ours, life's life too sternly gleaning,
Which nature's gentle soothing may defy;
Eyes that from all turn with faint, troubled meaning,
While worn hearts feel 'twere lovelier to die.

When the deep organ, with harmonious thunder,
Shakes the strong arches of man's pillared art,
Why pales the lonely listener's cheek, and under
Each shut and quivering lid the quick tears start?

It is that then, across the hushed breast stealing,
The calmer music of a loftier sphere
Kindles proud thirst for all that blest revealing
Of being's mystery denied us here.

In love's young dream, when noble hearts are loving,
Who may deny the beauty and the power?
Not they who feeling's wordless depth are proving
In the charmed circle of its magic hour.

Yet even there will come a lone misgiving,
Soul-whispered through love's purest, fondest sigh,
Till chastened o'er is that rich joy of living
To humbly own 'twere holier to die.

Thou, kind, fair earth, hast many a cup of gladness,
Which thou from murmuring lips withholdest not,
And thine is many a tone to cheer the sadness
Brooding so oft above our exile lot;

But the one priceless boon,—for which the spirit
Renders deep thanks, and bends to suffering's rod,—
The best and last with thee we may inherit,
Is a calm deathbed in the smile of God.

IMITATION.

BY CHAMPION BISSELL.

IMITATION is the most troublesome vice against which young and inexperienced writers are obliged to contend. It is so natural to shape style and manner of thinking after the patterns set us by men of genius, that it is a matter of great difficulty to avoid becoming echoes and copyists.

Men of talent are often imitators, for talent is simply power to do; and the power of imitating successfully is an accomplishment which cannot be attained by all. Men of eminent and cultivated talent, drop imitation because it is too low a performance for them. Still, talent is characteristically imitative. Genius alone is original.

Genius, however, is rare, even among men of letters. The mass of our literati are merely talented. Many of them have wrought their minds to an exquisite finish, and have executed works which have an air of genius, and have hung up rich and durable offerings in the temple of art; but the results unveil the processes, and the wise are not deceived. This can hardly be called a misfortune; for talent is a much more marketable commodity than genius, and reaches the people in a thousand ways, where the latter finds it hard to obtain a hearing.

To imitate well, then, requires a large share of talent. This is as it should be; if it were not so, every tenth man would be wearing the plumes of genius. And those who begin by imitating, and are unsuccessful, either drop writing altogether, or learn to trust more manfully to their own resources. If the portfolios of all those who have made their pens the servants of their thoughts, could be examined, I believe they would be found to contain many laboured copies of the great triumphs of literature—feeble echoes of strong music—crude eliminations of borrowed conceptions—in fine, just such failures as were necessary to convince the experimenters that their only hope of ever satisfying themselves, lay in independent and self-reliant effort.

Masterpieces baffle by simplicity. If complexity were beauty, if to be intricate were to be profound, and if to range widely were to grasp closely, it would be a comparatively easy

task to win the bays of genius by dint of mere labour. Upon such labour, how chillingly frown the admired and pure creations of the Greeks; the massive and simple works of our great English writers. The veriest word-monger, who, in translating Sophocles, loads the clear text with unseemly redundancies, wonders at the difference between the Greek idea and his own expression; and wondering, blindly endeavours to attain the antique strength, by adding and adding, until the original is lost in the clouds of explication that hang around it. The ambitious, but inexperienced writer, who longs to tread reverently in the path of Shakespeare or Addison, invariably (or with exceptions so rare that they only strengthen the assertion), attempts to embody his thoughts in involved and high-sounding language, fearing to trust to that simplicity whose charm and power he recognises; and retracing his steps only when he perceives to what vain results they conduct him. Complexity may be imitated. Originality is the soul of simplicity.

Nothing can be finer than Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," or Poe's "Raven;" and no poems of the present day have been more extensively imitated. Among these imitations there have been many, which in melody and rhythm, were equally perfect with their models, and which, if taken to pieces and compared verse by verse, would have suffered little by the comparison—yet were universally recognised as failures. Their authors in composing them, doubtless exulted over the fidelity of each verse to its original; yet, as stanza after stanza grew to its full proportion, even parental partiality could not overlook their lifelessness. And the reason does not lie very far back of the fact. The model was conceived and executed in one spirit, and for one purpose. It became unity, harmony. Each verse mates its fellow, and the genius of the whole growing out of the fitness of the parts, seems, nevertheless, to transcend that on which it is materially dependent. This the imitator overlooks. He copies verse by verse. With the slightest deviation from the train of thought of the original, the essence of the composition departs. Thenceforth his work becomes unfit, disjointed; as valueless as an Eton boy's "nonsense verses," which simply call out his knowledge of the quantity of syllables, and are profitable only for future efforts in a bolder strain.

Constant readers of Addison will write more or less like Addison; readers of Scott, like Scott; readers of Macaulay, like Macaulay. Let them be satisfied with the *spirit* of these great exemplars, the *letter* killeth. A direct imitation of Macaulay, by his closest student, would inevitably be despicable. The world has

seen a few such. Yet the influence of Addison and Macaulay on the style of English writers should not be lightly estimated. Attentive study is not necessarily imitation, and its results are as satisfactory as those of the latter are humiliating.

ADVENT OF MAY.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

SHE comes like a dream, or the bow on the shower,

With steps falling lightly as dew on the flower;
While a voice gushes forth from a thousand glad rills,

As her spirit-like beauty o'ershadows the hills.

The song of the birds,

The hum of the bee,

The low of the herds,

Are welcomes for thee,

Sweet May,

Kind welcomes for thee.

What voices of gladness float up on the air,
Like Hope's silver chimes to the ear of Despair;
Each heart drops its burden, and dries up its tear,

To greet with affection the gem of the year.

Sweet echoes are ringing,

With anthems of glee,

And every note bringing

A welcome for thee,

Sweet May,

Love's welcome for thee.

With hearts full of gladness, to groves now repair

The merry young maidens with flower-wreathéd hair;

And heaven looks down with a smile on the scene,

As their songs fill the air, and their steps print the green.

As joyous they sing,

And trip o'er the lea,

The welkin doth ring

With welcomes for thee,

Sweet May,

Kind welcomes for thee.

It comes like an angel of light from above,
Bringing beauty, and fragrance, and whispers of love;

And Nature, entranced by the heaven-born lay,
Falls asleep in bright dreams in the bosom of May.

The soft blushing flower,

The bud on the tree,

The dew and the shower,

Breathe welcomes for thee,

Sweet May,

Love's welcomes for thee.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

AMONG all the marvels of this marvellous age—including ocean-steaming, and magnetic telegraphs, and California gold, and Mormon cities—there is nothing stranger than this proposition on the part of England for a World's Fair. If the Jews should suddenly break out of their tradition-fastnesses, and offer to intermarry with all sorts of Gentiles, we could hardly find it more wonderful. England! self-satisfied, exclusive, outside-barbarian despising England; hating France, sneezing at Germany, rating Italy as the small dust of the balance, making petty account of Russia and all the northern nations, and deaf, dumb, and blind,—“lapped in lead,”—towards the United States; what can she mean by inviting all these insignificances to make a descent upon her shores, each bringing something, like the guests at a Scotch penny wedding, or those at a Western minister's donation-party? The matter has a wild look. We hope our dear old mother is not in her dotage. To issue invitations for a party is one thing; to open one's doors and ask in the public quite another. A certain American mayor once, wishing to be consistent in his democracy, made known that he would be at home to whomsoever inclined to call on him on New Year's day: and, as the invitation was accepted in good faith, the excellent functionary not only found whole hecatombs insufficient to feed his friends, but looked in vain, after the *melée*, for any remnant of his Brussels carpets except the selva. And amiable Lord Eglinton, when he took pains, in his benevolence, to get up a world's show, which, after all, the graceless world laughed at, had his beautiful park-sward reduced to such a pulpy mass, that Mr. Willis conjectured, we recollect, that some silk shoes and clouted brogues would not turn up until the next spring ploughing, preparatory to new-laying with grass. Stately, cultivated, swept and garnished, finished England! what a shock will thy gentility feel at such an avalanche of the unmannered, the benighted, the hard to teach, most of whom do not know enough even to know that they know nothing! We are half inclined to suspect that the whole thing is a sly hoax of Alfred Crowquill, Leech & Co., who have taken this new mode of providing fun, for years, for the Queen's lieges, as Theodore Hook invited thousands of trades-people to be at a certain house in Bond Street at a certain hour, in order that he and his wicked associates might enjoy the awkward dismay of the crowd, from a window. Punch lived on last year's French visit to London for months;

this greater invasion will pour new blood into his shrunken veins, and make him fresh and hungry as a vampire. He is already cutting, in suitable blocks, hosts of Gallic neighbours in pinched caps and voluminous trousers; German deep-thinkers, in hair and meerschauums; and transatlantic corsairs, in their boots and gigantic cigars; and conning jokes of all calibres, ready to be fired as occasion may demand or permit. Beware, oh ye invited ones, how ye carry anything national with you to the standard-country! Pass for English, if possible; or, if that may not be, propitiate the keen eye of infallibility by an attempt, at least. You may perhaps come to be tolerated as exceptions. Forget to guess, and partition off every sentence into quarter-sections with “You know.” Let not your vowels sound “spectacle-bedstrid;” and, by way of compensation, you may hesitate in your speech to heart's content, as thus—“This is a—a—a—very—a—a wonderful—a—exhibition,—a—really—a—a!” Listen in docile silence to the instructions of the world's elders, even though they teach precisely what you knew best before, and beware how you institute a comparison, in the smallest item, between England and the United States, unless prepared to give unquestionable preference to the former. Do not be betrayed by the seemingly impartial questionings of the transatlantics, into an honest opinion of any matter in which the two countries could possibly be rivals; but discreetly turn the conversation to the magnificent fountain of Trafalgar Square (the like of which you never saw before!), or the commodiousness of London omnibusses and Thames steamers.

But really, what *will* London do with so many strangers? M. Soyer is to dispense sublimated eatables from Gore House, long the elegant home of poor Lady Blessington, whose once pictured walls must reek with confused steams, and the fair verandah, from which she delighted to show her guests the venerable trees and velvet verdure of Kensington Gardens, be desecrated by tobacco-smoke. M. Soyer promises great displays of the gastronomic art, and no American will fail to test his far-famed skill; but even he, proverbially magniloquent, offers only “to accommodate thousands daily,” at his “Symposium of all nations,” and what will that do towards refreshing the multitudes that must not only eat and drink, but sleep, within hum of the Great Exhibition?

It is said, we know not how truly, that there is to be an American restaurant at some convenient point near the grand centre of interest, at which such of our countrymen as carry their habits abroad with them will be able to obtain their favourite dishes. This brings up the question, “Have we any national dishes?” A

country which includes all climates must needs have a variety; but there is one single national product in request from Maine to New Orleans, from Washington to San Francisco,—viz.: Indian corn, in all its shapes,—which will doubtless figure largely on the present occasion. The new process of drying, practised at our Atlantic dock-mills, not only makes the various forms in which this great staple of our land is eaten, wholesome to the most delicate stomach, but secures its perfect sweetness during voyages of any length,—a result never attained before. We can now show the English something very different from the gritty and bitter compound described by Mr. Carlyle. Goldsmith represents his Chinese as almost forced by an English lady to eat his dinner with chopsticks,—assuring him that no other mode was tolerable in him, from whom foreign behaviour was naturally expected; and the Neapolitans are always required to eat macaroni for the amusement of travellers. Perhaps, if the American restaurant should be well-placed, we may earn some national reputation by showing how well we can dispose of Indian pudding and molasses, and even set the fashion as a fascinating barbarism.

Numerous colonies of the wise and prudent will, doubtless, seek lodgment in villages adjacent to the great metropolis,—Clapham, Peckham-Rye, Dulwich, Hampstead, Stoke-Newington, Tottenham, Brompton, and so on through dozens, each one of which will afford sweetly quiet, rural residences, within a little time of London. (We no longer reckon by distances.) Nowhere on the great globe can be found lovelier places of summer abode than in these quaint, fossilized remnants of *old England*;—not meanly emulative of the worst features of city life, like too many of our own villages, but retaining a noble simplicity, which is a true token of the deep heart of our venerated progenitor, as fond now of bird-haunted shades and the music of running streams as ever her Druid children were. Here you will find great, old-fashioned avenues, little roadside inns, with wooden settles round the parlour walls, and the funniest little antediluvian blinds at the lattice windows, and great beams across the ceiling, and black-framed pictures of the Duke of Cumberland and King George III. still ornamenting the chimney-piece. The “sanded floor,” even, is not wanting, far less “the varnished clock.” Oh! they are charming, those little inns, where you can lose yourself in revery, and fancy yourself living out one of Sir Walter’s novels, by the aid of these antiquated surroundings. Wise people, then, we think, will seek lodgings in green lanes rather than in stony-hearted streets. Health will be better secured, doubtless, than in the crowds

of the city, and repose and cheering variety out of all measure. There are still gates and stiles, and crooked footways from field to field, far from the high roads, and shaded here and there by huge trees; pleasant evening walks, with fruity stopping-places, where fresh-picked strawberries may be had for the asking—and a little more. London is of all cities the place where one may live in the country; not only because within her very precincts she holds so much rural beauty, but because her immediate environs afford such an infinity of delicious rusticity, made, in effect, part of the town by boundless facility of access.

The position chosen for the Crystal Palace, which has risen noiselessly as its Russian prototype of ice, but not “soon to sink into a stream again,” is in the section of London which possesses most of dignity and beauty. Hyde Park was, not many years ago, a part of the open country. It contains, with Kensington Gardens, of which it forms a part, some five hundred acres or more, beautifully varied by wood and water, and gentle undulations of surface. Although it is nearly surrounded with aristocratic residences, yet so great is its breadth, and so thick the foliage of its old trees, that it presents the idea of elegant rural seclusion only, except for a few hours in the afternoon, when throngs of carriages and well-dressed pedestrians remind us that our still walks are, after all, in the midst of a huge, proud city. A striking difference between English and French taste, in the planning of these spots of relief from the noise and dust of commerce and toil, and the weariness of artificial life, is that, while the rural spots of French cities are as artificial as anything they have, the English, attending more wisely to the law of contrast, leave theirs in all the wildness of nature, and consider homely grass as the most desirable ornament. The Champs Elysées and the Tuileries have not a blade of grass, nor has any French city “pleasaunce” that we have seen. Trees there are, and statues, and fountains; but Nature is strait-laced and close-shaved, till she seems quite ashamed of herself. How would Parisian taste endure a remnant of homely wooden fence, such as may still be found about the drive in Hyde Park? Yet this roughness gives an inexpressible charm to the scene, which half redeems the cruel formality of London life. If “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,” the place of the Great Exhibition was certainly well chosen, for it must be far easier to feel brotherly there than anywhere else in London.

But we are wrong in saying so. There is another spot in London which we would much rather have seen all alive with the great congregation from the four corners of the earth.

This is Victoria Park, at the East End, within cry of the wretched operatives of Bethnal Green, and the starving weavers of Spitalfields. It is a wide and lovely spot, not lacking the sheet of water which every London park has, and fine roads, and grass-plats, and all that can be gathered in a simple rural paradise; and the Crystal Palace might have stood within its ample bounds, with all advantages for comers and goers, while the coming and going would have enriched that whole toiling neighbourhood, and done more for the relief of its poor than the Queen can ever do by ordinary legislation. This so obvious mode of equalizing the benefit of the World's Fair to the Londoners was proposed in Parliament by Lord Brougham, but lost there, perhaps because Lord Brougham proposed it, as his wisest suggestions are apt to be received with a certain distaste. It is so much the fashion in England to give to the rich, that the proposition to throw money into the laps of the starving probably seemed absurd. So the Great Exhibition goes to the West End, in the midst of idle people who keep carriages; while thousands in the eastern part of the town, who dare not spare a day, lest they and their children starve, and to whom the expenditure of a shilling sterling each for an omnibus trip, with another shilling apiece for the sight, would seem insanity, must lose both the benefit and the pleasure. But, happily, they are used to it, and will, perhaps, meekly think that the show which calls together the representatives of all nations was not made for such as they.

Hyde Park, then, is the chosen spot;—the Hyde Park where Charles II. used to play with his dogs and feed his ducks, and where Cromwell drove his Friesland horses so furiously;—"not doubting," says Ludlow, "but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him,"—that he managed to get a fall off the box, which fall fired a pistol that he carried in his pocket, and so narrowly missed cutting short his protectorate unpleasantly. The stranger who desires to see the spot where the fiery driver of three kingdoms was at last buried, will find it not far off from the fashionable drive. At Cumberland Gate, which any policeman will point out, is an iron plate, with the inscription, "Here stood Tyburn turnpike;" and at this point, identified with crime and disgrace, the English people thought proper to inter the remains of the Protector, after they had wreaked upon his insensible dust the poorest vengeance that insane anger ever prompts. Near Cumberland Gate is a far pleasanter sight,—a stand for beautiful little carriages for children, drawn by two or four goats apiece, to be hired

at all hours of the day. Within range of the eye is the spot on Constitution Hill where Sir Robert Peel met his death, by the shying of his horse as he stopped to speak to a lady. It was in Hyde Park, too, that our English friends, under some strange delusion, enacted upon the Serpentine the truly comical farce of setting a Lilliputian British frigate to blow up a Lilliputian American frigate, and this in 1814! "Wishing of all employments, is the worst," said the poet; but surely one grade lower is trying to act out our wishes in little. But we can paraphrase another poet when we think of dear old England, and any narrow streaks of nonsense she may have about her.

"If to her share some trifling errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

Yes! the more we look at her, the more we love her. Americans are generally a little repelled, at first, by the air of wonderful self-sufficiency which characterizes so many English people, and they are apt to meet it by a "back-fire" of flouncing defiance, which is neither dignified nor well-bred. To be "spunky" suits the backwoods very well; to be quiet is much more effective in London. When we are asked whether we have railroads in America, or whether our style of living at all resembles the English, or any other question which betrays that the speaker has hitherto been content to ignore our existence, and now asks questions only from politeness, we must learn to be equally *nonchalant*; to remember that it is a matter of perfect indifference whether the English know us or not, and that any eagerness on our part to increase their stock of information will be entirely thrown away. We are speaking now of a very ordinary class of people. Among the *first*, such cautions are needless, for they know us nearly, if not quite, as well as we know them. Thorough good-breeding and high cultivation are the most potent freemasonry; members of the order understand each other "from China to Peru;" but we meet many in England as well as in America who know not how to recognise or return the sign.

To suppose that England will receive us without prejudice is vain; but it is still more futile to be vexed that she does not transform herself for our benefit. England receives no foreigner without prejudice, least of all an American. But, besides this, why disguise or deny the fact that, in manners and accomplishments, the English are our superiors? As well affirm that the moon is bright as the mid-day sun, as that the people of our new land, still struggling for the means of elegance, and content thus far to imitate the old world in whatever constitutes it, possess the polished

graces of society in the same measure with the most cultivated, the best informed, the most travelled, people under the sun. One must be steeped in prejudice to the very lips to fancy this. English women, in particular, are far better furnished with the materials of agreeable conversation, and, consequently, graced with far more ease and polish of manner, than we, who are, thus far, quite disproportionately occupied with dress and show, and give little time, comparatively, to elegant accomplishments. It would be necessary to go into endless details to make good this position of ours, and show up duly all the causes, limitations, and counterbalances, which might be cited. We state the simple fact, and it is one which will not be denied by any American who has lived enough in England to be qualified as a witness. We have no reference here to the masses; every child knows on which side the advantage lies, there. We speak of the Americans who travel abroad and the English who receive and entertain them, and our remark as to the superior elegance of the latter is limited to this class. The manners of our Southerners are justly considered to have more of easy grace than those of the severer and colder North, but even they are, as a general rule, inferior in polish to Englishmen of corresponding standing. We are in the rough, yet, and it is by no means certain that we ought to desire ever to acquire the finished and complimentary style of manners which have been the natural growth of centuries of privilege. Our own ambition for our beloved country would, we acknowledge, point to a certain simplicity of manners, which is born of truth and goodness; but this is only saying that we prefer silver to plated ware. Meanwhile, we must not be angry with the English if they do not find our manners agreeable. We are more demonstrative than they; we disguise our curiosity less carefully; we are too excitable, and—we must in candour add—not well enough informed to please them. In literature they have forestalled us, and we can bring them little which we did not first receive from them. But it is in the arts and sciences that we are most deficient. The English nation just now has no respect for anything but facts. The natural sciences are their passion: geography is to them quite as absorbing as James's novels to us; they are proud of their own scholars, and ready to receive with open arms all scholars whatsoever. Any one who goes to England with a definite purpose connected with any science, useful art, or dignified pursuit in any direction, will find no bar of prejudice across the doors he desires to enter, be they even dual. But the English are too much occupied and interested in their own affairs to

be long turned aside by any foreigner who brings nothing with him that they want. Very wealthy people receive a certain sort of attention in every country, but they are severely criticised and unsparingly laughed at if wealth be their only claim. The English love society for society's sake. They are conversable people, and seek the interchange of thought. They are sincere people, and cannot or will not long feign to be interested if they are not so. Let us respect this sincerity, and, if we encounter even prejudice, bear with it and live it down.

There is no guessing how much of mingling there will be, after all, in consequence of this feast of nations. Miss Martineau, and other dwellers in the picturesque localities of England, systematically abandon their homes, and let their houses, during what they call "the tourist season," as the dweller on the Ohio removes his family to a safe spot when he observes the river beginning to rise, knowing by experience that it may carry all off. This is a truly English mode of getting rid of the difficulty; and we should not be surprised if hundreds, or even thousands of Londoners adopted it this summer, going to watering-places and country retreats, and letting their town residences, meanwhile, for good round sums; for they are a thrifty people. A certain friend of ours, who takes his family to England once in a while, writes in advance to some friends of his who occupy a comfortable house in London, who forthwith go into the country, leaving their house and servants for the use of the American family,—for a liberal consideration,—returning as soon as our countryman leaves. This is a very neat and convenient way of securing a summer trip, without the expense and risk of shutting up house; while for the sojourner nothing could be more comfortable. We have not yet learned, in this extravagant country of ours, how much may be got out of moderate means, or how various are the modes by which the requisitions of circumstance may be met. All our notions of must-haves and may-haves, are stereotyped; as we furnish our houses, so we regulate our way of living and managing, one by another, dreading originality like pestilence. It is to be hoped some old-world secrets of life may be picked up by those who go abroad this summer, a fair return for many new notions which the English will undoubtedly acquire from their visitors.

By the way, every American who has the opportunity, should be sure to visit an English country residence. They are the perfection of beauty, comfort, and refinement; often on a small scale, which requires that every inch should be made the most of, which is done so cunningly, that one forgets to wish them larger.

One thing they never lack, viz., a library, deemed a superfluity in so many of our best houses; and this library is the magnetic gathering-place of a thousand tasteful trifles,—relics, specimens, objects of art, curiosities, suggestive nothings—which serve to make talk independent of politics, dress, fashions, and scandal. Then the grounds are laid out with so much judgment, and kept in such perfect order, that they add, in effect, several drawing-rooms to the villa, since they are delightful for conversation or strolling. These residences form a happy medium between too much rusticity for city habits, and a cold, showy splendour, which insults Nature by hiding her as much as possible under a town disguise. They look domestic, and like the home of many accomplishments.

There is a beautiful little specimen of the thing at Tottenham, generously opened to the public on one day of the week, because the owner is the envied possessor of many of Turner's early drawings, as well as several other exquisite pictures, and is willing to share his good things with those capable of appreciating them. Messrs. Colnaglie, printsellers, furnish tickets gratis, on application; and we recommend our friends to procure admission to Mr. Windus's gallery, for the double purpose of enjoying Turner in his best, or, at least, most comprehensible aspect, (to our poor judgment,) and of seeing a charming, simple English villa, on a small scale.

While we speak of this gallery, we must just mention that at Dulwich, which everybody does not, as it is a little way out of London. There are some splendid Murillos there, and many of Sir Joshua's portraits, and other pictures interesting on every account. The best way is to choose a fine day, and take a carriage which can be either open or shut at pleasure, (since it is as apt to rain on fine days as any other, in London), and count the drive as half the object, as it well deserves to be counted.

But we are trenching on the province of that wonderful new guide-book which somebody promises so opportunely for this great occasion. A Murray for England has long been a desideratum, and will, we fear, continue to be so; but a Murray,—i. e., a guide-book which leaves nothing to be desired—for London, is now forthcoming. To the diligent study of this we commend every visiter to the Great Exhibition.

The most wonderful guide-book for London, viz., the London Directory, was made long ago. It is a volume of near three thousand pages, so classified and arranged, that a degree of simplicity and clearness is attained which is truly marvellous, when we think of the im-

mense complication of the matter. It contains, besides a map and an almanac, an Official Directory, by which one knowing the office, can find all the men belonging to it; a Street Directory, by which, knowing the street, one can find the name of every person that lives in it; a Commercial Directory, which shows everybody that is engaged in merchandise; a Trades Directory, containing the name of everybody in trade, classified by trades; a Law Directory, giving every name connected with the legal profession; a Parliamentary Directory, telling everything one can possibly desire to know about members of both houses; a Postal Directory, with every possible information as to postage, postmasters, offices, etc.; a City Directory, containing everything about the city proper, its government, and official people; a Conveyance Directory, for every conceivable mode of transit in all directions; a Court Directory, with the names and residences of nobility and gentry; a Banking Directory, an Assurance Directory—but we are out of breath, and have not given even an idea of the amount of information contained in this miracle of completeness and order—this Drummond light on all that the stranger in London wants to know of common things.

One finds this book at all public houses, so it is only necessary to inquire for it; but happening ourselves to own one, we had an odd opportunity of using it on this side the water. A young woman claimed our compassion, as being lately from England—destitute, and with a piteous story. Her appearance not being as prepossessing as her story was plausible, we made close inquiries as to her whereabouts in London, where she pretended to have been living within a few months. After ascertaining her name, those of her parents, friends, employers, etc., with the names of the various streets in which she glibly enough placed them, we referred to our Directory, and found no single correspondence with her report as to name or street, thus unmasking her completely.

We are half-disposed to envy the throngs who are going to England on this occasion, though we have had our turn twice, and we ought to be satisfied. But we can't be satisfied with England. Emerson is reported to have named "one hundred years for London, and two hundred for the rest of England," as the time requisite for a thorough knowledge and time to enjoy it, and we suspect he is not far from the truth. The Queen of Sheba, among the glorious wonders of Solomon's court, exclaimed that the half had not been told her; what *would* she say if she could see old England—London—during the World's Fair!

(Some minor matters with regard to letters, may not find their way into the London Guide-

Book. Everybody prepays in England, whether on his own business or that of other people; every *yellow* envelope is an abomination unto the English; and the senseless suffix of Esquire, is *not* added to everybody's name as with us; plain Mr. being much more *comme il faut* in ordinary cases. We hope we have earned the reader's gratitude by these cautions.)

AN IMPROMPTU PARODY.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, A.M.

With a voice of beguiling tone,
With cheeks that grew flush and wan,
A woman sat in a silken robe,
Ogling a sapient man.
Glance, glance, glance,
Dallying, tender, and pert;
And in the cold depths of her barren heart,
She sang the "song of the flirt."

Flirt, flirt, flirt;—
Withered from Nature's truth,
And flirt, flirt, flirt,
Away from the dreams of youth.
It's oh to be a slave,
And drain the fount of the heart;
An angel to sink to a graceful knave,
And life to a soulless art.

Flirt, flirt, flirt,
Till beauty begins to fade;
Flirt, flirt, flirt,
Till the tide of love is stayed.
Glance, whisper and smile,
Smile and whisper and glance,
Till over the languishing beau I droop,
And sigh for another chance.

O, vanity weary and false,
And blind as the grubbing moles,
It is not thine that you're wearing out,
But human creatures' souls!
Flirt, flirt, flirt,
With flattery's juggling art
Winning at once, with a double wile,
A curse as well as a heart.

But why do I talk of a curse?
The loathing that follows deceit—
I hardly fear its desolate shade,
So long has it tracked my feet;
It seems so like my due,
Because of the men I lure,
Oh God, that love should be so rich,
And coquetry so poor!

Flirt, flirt, flirt;
My intrigue never flags.
And what's its reward? The scorn of the wise,
And the jest of silly wags;

A jealous hate of the true and fond,
A feverish thirst for sway,
And a bitter sense of unworthiness,
That gnaws like a beast of prey.

Flirt, flirt, flirt,
At opera, home, and church;
Flirt, flirt, flirt,
To be left at last in the lurch.
Flirt, flirt, flirt,
By her fireside's holy light;
And flirt, flirt, flirt,
When evenings are long and bright.

Oh, but to breathe once more
The air of a love sincere,
And to feel the glow of an honest pride,
When a true man calls me dear!
For only one short hour
To rejoice in a noble trust,
And revive again the dew of the heart,
Ere its bloom is parched in dust.

Oh, but for one short hour,
To know I am fit to stand
In white array by the altar's side,
And clasp a loyal hand!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
The tears must stop. I must win to-night;—
They would make my eyelids red.

With a voice of beguiling tone,
And cheeks that grew flush and wan,
A woman sat in her proud array,
Ogling a sapient man;
Glance, glance, glance,
Dallying, tender, and pert;
And in the cold depths of her thoughtless
breast
She sang the song of the flirt.

Flirt, flirt, flirt;—
With flattery's winsome art
Gaining at once, with a double wile,
A curse as well as a heart;
Dallying, tender, and pert,
And while so blithesome and debonair
(Would it could reach the young and fair!)
She sung the song of the flirt.

THE MANTUAMAKER.

BY MRS. C. M. STARK.

"Would that my spirit witness bore me,
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun."

In one of the narrow, dirty streets of New York, in a miserable attic, lay a young girl of apparently seventeen. Her face bore the traces of great beauty, but the crimson cheek and brilliant eye showed but too plainly that con-

sumption had set its seal upon her, and that her days on earth were numbered.

"I wish it was later," she murmured, glancing towards the open window, through which the rays of a September sun were shining. "It is so hard to lie here alone, suffering so much. I hope Fanny will obtain leave to return home early this evening—I know she means to ask it." The tears rose to the eyes of the poor girl, as she thought of the devoted affection of her only sister, a girl of nineteen, who earned a living by sewing for one of the fashionable mantuamakers of the day. The room, although scantily furnished, was neat, and the invalid's bed clean, though coarse. A small stand stood by the bed, on which was a pitcher of water, a phial, and a wineglass, and on the pillow lay an open Bible. The young girl had earned a support as a tailoress; but a neglected cold, taken by carrying some work home late one wet evening, had prostrated her on a bed of sickness, from which she was destined never to rise. Untiring were the cares bestowed upon her by her sister. She watched with her at night; and many were the humble, earnest prayers of the occupants of this small room to their Heavenly Father, that he would enable them to bear patiently his chastening hand.

But we hasten to a different scene.

A gay carriage drove up to Mrs. Bennett's fashionable establishment, and a beautiful young girl descended, and entered the shop. "Mrs. Bennett, I must have a new dress for this evening; I have just bought a love of a dress, and I intend wearing it to Mrs. Green's ball."—"To-night, Miss Norton!" said Mrs. Bennett; "it is impossible for me to have your dress ready in time. It is now past one, and I could not promise you a ball-dress on so short a notice."—"Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Bennett," said the lady petulantly, "I *must* and *will* have the dress; and if you will not make it, why I must carry my custom elsewhere."—The mistress of the shop looked distressed. "Really, madam, I would do anything to oblige—but surely you have some other dress equally suited to the occasion; I sent you home three, only ten days since."—"I have worn them all," interrupted the beauty impatiently. "Let your girls leave off all their other work, and turn to upon my dress, and I will pay anything extra that you may have the conscience to charge—only do not disappoint me—and send the dress home by an experienced hand, that I may have any alteration made at the last moment, if required." So saying, Miss Norton entered her carriage, and drove to the jeweller's shop, to select a new set of ornaments for the occasion.

Mrs. Bennett took the gauze left in her hand, and selecting from her well-filled shelves

a satin corresponding in hue, and trimmings to match, went into a back room. Some twenty young girls were busily plying their needles. The room was close and warm, and many of its occupants looked jaded and worn with their labours. From six to seven, with a short interval of half an hour for dinner, were the regular hours required for their attendance at the shop; but when there was a press of work, they were often obliged to remain and work extra hours, and ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock often arrived before they were released from their health-consuming toil. The table and chairs of the room were littered with shreds of delicate gauzes, rich silks and satins. Can we wonder, when we hear the often-told tale of the seduction and ruin of one of this delicate class of girls, surrounded by temptation, their hands employed upon material which would so well set off the beauty of the worker, and the voice of the tempter ever at hand to offer the lure! And if remaining true to themselves, stinted in their food, poorly paid, they work from Monday morning until Saturday night, week in and week out, until a premature decline but too often closes their career. Such is the not exaggerated history of too many of these poor girls. Could one of the beauties, whose gay costume has cost so many hours of harassing toil, bear but one hour of the suffering so inflicted, she would hesitate ere she ordered a new dress on short notice. But to our tale.

"Here is a new dress," said Mrs. Bennett, addressing her forewoman, "and it must be finished before nine o'clock to-night. Take half-a-dozen of the girls, and see that it is done in time."—"They will have to remain extra time, madam, in order to do so," said the forewoman.—"Well, let them stay then; I am not going to lose one of my best customers to suit their laziness. If any one grumbles," she said, on leaving the room, "let me know; I do not want grumblers to work for me—they may seek employment elsewhere." A young girl, seated near the forewoman, cast a deprecating glance toward her. "I cannot help it, Fanny," was the reply to the mute appeal; "I would like to have you go home early to poor Ellen, who I know needs you so much,—but what can I do? You are one of our fastest workwomen, and to finish this dress, with all its trimmings, will require all the exertion our best workers can bestow." The tears rose in Fanny's eyes, and a sensation of choking came in her throat. But it was all in vain; and making a violent effort to subdue her agitation, Fanny commenced, with trembling fingers and aching heart, the task allotted to her. Her needle flew, as she thought that by perhaps straining every effort, she might yet go early to her

sister; and her companions, who felt much for her, used their utmost efforts to assist her. The weary hours passed on; we leave them to their task, and return to our fashionable beauty.

Extended on a sofa, in a richly furnished bedroom, reclined the lady. At a short distance from her sat her mother, mending some fine lace. "What do you intend wearing this evening, Rose?" she said, addressing her daughter.

"I have ordered a new dress for the occasion."

"A new dress, Rose! Why, you extravagant girl, your closet is full of beautiful dresses."

"Yes, I know that, but I have worn them all and am tired of them all. And then there was such a beauty of a gauze at Stewart's, that I believe I should have bought it, even if I did not want it for to-night."

"And when did you give the dress to be made up, you naughty girl?" said the mother, gazing admiringly on the beautiful face of her daughter.

"I went to Mrs. Bennett this morning. She grumbled, to be sure; but then I never listen to that class of people. What *are* they fit for, if they cannot make a dress at the time one most wants it? I am sure they all charge enough to have one ready on shorter notice than I gave Mrs. Bennett this morning."

"Is it to be a large party, Rose?"

"No, but very select. That French girl, Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, is to be there, of whom I have heard so much. The men are all crazy about her. I am determined she shall not outvie me in dress, and as for beauty—" The young lady added no more, but cast a complacent glance at a large mirror opposite her.

"Well, Rose, I hope you may enjoy yourself. But one thing, my daughter: I must insist upon your not flirting so much with young Barton. He is poor—a mere merchant's clerk,—has a family of pretty sisters, who are unprovided for, and is in every respect a decided *detrimental*."

"Psha, mother!" said Rose contemptuously, "do you think there is any danger of my falling in love with Barton?"

"No, my dear,—no danger of *your* falling in love;—but it will prove a heart-breaking business to him, poor fellow. And then young Mercer, the millionaire, is Barton's particular friend, and I would not have you offend *him* on any account."

"Well, well, madam, I promise," said Rose, impatiently; but she felt a slight twinge of conscience, as she reflected how much she had encouraged the ardent, agreeable young man. But Rose never troubled herself long with any

disagreeable reflections; and rising from her sofa, she commenced humming an opera tune as she took out various trifles from her bureau for her evening costume.

Wearily and painfully passed the hours with poor Ellen. The water in the pitcher grew so warm that she could not drink it, and her hand trembled so that she could not drop her medicine. She grew hourly more feverish; and, oh! how she longed for some of the tempting peaches she knew were exposed at the shop-window of the very building in which she lay. She turned restlessly from side to side. "Will the sun never set?" she said, looking towards the window. At last, wearied out, the sufferer slept. She dreamed that she wandered in a beautiful garden, where flowers and fruits grew in profusion. She inhaled the perfumed air, and gathered eagerly the grateful fruits, and a thrill of ecstasy shot through her frame. She walked on erect and strong, and the sorrows of her lot were forgotten. The birds were pouring forth their song, and all nature rejoiced. She woke with a sudden start. The sun had gone down. She must have slept for some hours. She felt very weak and languid, but she knew, from the gray aspect of the room, that the hour for Fanny's return was soon at hand. She waited patiently, but a sensation of sinking gradually stole over her. A clammy dew stood on her brow:—she was too feeble to wipe it off, and an icy chill crept over her. "Oh, my God, is it even so? Am I to die alone,—all alone? Fanny, dearest Fanny, why do you not come to me?" she murmured wildly. A slight spasm convulsed her features, and when the moon rose and shed its beams on the couch, its pale light fell on the features of a corpse. The trials and sufferings of the young tailoress were at an end.

"There, Fanny, the dress is now done, and Mrs. Bennett says that you must carry it home."

"Oh, dear Miss Jones, pray let some one else go. Indeed, indeed, I must go now to Ellen. She has been expecting me these three hours, and she is *so* ill."

"I told Mrs. Bennett so, Fanny, but she said you alone were expert enough to alter the dress, if required; so you must go."

Looks of indignation were exchanged among the girls, as poor Fanny meekly put on her hat and shawl, and, with tears fast running down her face, took the bandbox in her hand. It was within a quarter of nine, and the lady's residence was full three miles from the shop. Wearied and agitated, Fanny moved through the gaily-lighted streets; and as some dashing equipage would arrest her steps in crossing a street, the thought would occur—"Do the rich know what we suffer?" She arrived at Mrs.

Norton's, and was immediately shown up to the young lady's room. A hairdresser was just putting the finishing touches to the beautiful hair of the fair one, and some flowers were placed amid the curls.

"Oh! I am glad you have come at last," said the lady. "How came you to be so late? But never mind; take out my dress." Fanny, ready to drop from her long walk, obeyed at once, and the beautiful dress was displayed. "Oh, how elegant!" exclaimed Rose. The hairdresser left the room, and the dress was tried on. Rose surveyed herself in silence for a few minutes, and then exclaimed:

"Why does Mrs. Bennett always make my dresses so high in the neck? I am not an old woman yet, that I want to be covered up to my throat. Here, Nancy," turning to her maid, "you and this girl must alter this. It is too provoking. Now I shall be detained at least half an hour. How could you be so stupid?" she said, addressing the trembling Fanny.

The dress was taken off, and Fanny and the maid proceeded to alter it. The delicate trimmings were ripped off, and an hour passed away before the dress was finished, the young lady grumbling and scolding all the time. At last she was dressed; and, as Fanny closed the street door, the church clock struck ten. Her home was two miles distant, and dark clouds now obscured the sky. She hurried on;—large drops of rain fell, and soon a heavy rain soaked her thin garments. But she felt it not, so anxious was she about her sister. At last she arrived home, and paused at the shop to buy Ellen some of the fruit she had so longed for. She placed her hand on the balustrade to ascend the long staircase, but stopped and leaned her head on her hand. An indefinite sensation of dread stole over her. She wiped the perspiration from her brow. "It must be that I am so tired," she said; "I do not know what ails me. I am afraid to go up." She waited another moment, and then slowly crept up stairs. Her hand rested on the door-handle, but again the chill of fear made her shiver. She opened the door, cast a hasty glance at the couch, and then, with one wild scream, sprang forward and fell insensible beside the bed.

"Well, Rose, have you had a pleasant evening?" said Mrs. Norton to her daughter, on her return home late at night.

Rose made no answer for some moments, and then said fretfully, "No, I have not. I wish I had not gone,"—and her eyes filled with tears, which she endeavoured to conceal from her mother.

"Why, my dear child," said her mother, in surprise, "what is the matter?"

"That little French girl was the belle of the evening. She had all the best beaux, and as for your friend, young Mercer, he had no eyes for any one else."

"Is she so very beautiful, then, or so elegantly dressed, or what is her peculiar attraction?"

"She is not beautiful at all, mother;—that is to say, not regularly beautiful. She has large dark eyes, and brilliantly white teeth, and possesses what the men call great fascination. I do not know what they mean, but she had a crowd round her all the evening, and every one was full of her bon mots and intelligence."

"Well, well, my love," said her mother, soothingly, "it is not worth your fretting about."

"Fretting! I am not fretting," said the proud beauty, as she dashed the tears from her eyes. But for all her assertion, she burst into a fit of weeping as soon as she closed her bedroom door. She tore off her beautiful dress, and threw it on the floor, and, wrapping herself in a loose gown, threw herself on the sofa. There, neglected on the ground, lay the costly dress;—the dress that had delayed poor Fanny, —the dress that had caused a human heart to experience the bitterest of pangs,—that of dying alone, without one kind hand to close our eyes or drop a tear over our remains.

"Have you any vacant rooms in this building to let, sir?" asked a pale-looking young countryman of the proprietor of the shop on the first floor of the building in which the sisters lived. "I want a room, and was told that you were the agent for this building."

"I am so, sir. What kind of a room do you wish for? I have several rooms to let, at different prices."

"Well, let me see them all. I have some money saved up, and a good trade. I am promised steady employment, but I wish to be as economical as possible."

"Very fair, sir. Come this way, if you please."

They went from room to room, until they had mounted to the attic. "There is a room," said the agent, "that for the present is occupied, but I do not know whether it will not soon be vacant. Two sisters live there, and one of them, I take it, is not long for this world. Her sister, poor thing, takes the whole charge of her. They have not paid up their last month's rent, but I am loath to trouble them. They appear to be honest, industrious girls, but they must pay up. The owner of this building is a stiff man about money matters. He makes no allowance for sickness, or any other trouble, but *must* have his money when it is due. By the by, I have not seen the

well sister go out this morning. Let us knock and see what is the matter."

They knocked, but no answer was returned. Again they rapped, but no sound issued from the room. "I am afraid there is more trouble here," said the agent, looking at the young man. "Let us go in."

They opened the door. Fanny was on her knees by the bed, her face covered with her long hair, and one of her sister's hands pressed to her lips. She moved not, nor spoke, but moaned heavily.

The agent raised her. "What can I do?" said the young man, anxiously.

"Run across the street and bring the apothecary here," said the agent.

The young man disappeared, and returned quickly with the apothecary, who brought a bottle of ammonia in his hand. He dropped some of it in water, and forced Fanny to swallow it; and then rubbing her temples with some more of the same preparation, the poor girl was gradually roused. She looked wildly at them for a moment, and then glanced towards the bed. She broke away from the agent. "Oh, Ellen, my dear, dear sister!" she exclaimed, throwing herself on the bed; "speak to me, Ellen; speak to your poor, broken-hearted Fanny. She will never speak again," said she, suddenly raising herself from the bed. "And I:—where was I when you were dying, poor suffering one? Finishing that dress for that hard-hearted girl, and you, no doubt, calling for me. Oh, why did I mind them? What did it matter if I should offend them all? But I was a coward, and now I am punished!" she added bitterly, and once again she dropped her head on the bed and sobbed convulsively.

All were affected by her distress. The apothecary and the agent were accustomed to scenes of distress; but the young man, fresh from the country, was almost as much agitated as Fanny herself.

"Has she no relatives or friends?" he inquired anxiously of the agent.

The man shook his head. "They are orphan girls, and have not long lived in this city. I have never known them have any company on Sunday or other holidays, and they never went anywhere except to church."

"Poor thing!" said the young man, compassionately. He paused for a moment, and then said: "I'll go to my good cousin Brown. She is a baker's wife, and lives not far off. She is a right good soul, and will do all she can for this unhappy creature."

He left the room, and when he returned with his cousin, found Fanny alone. Mrs. Brown went up to the poor girl, and taking one of her hands, said, "Be comforted, my

dear child. Your sister has, I trust, gone to a better world. Her sorrows are over, and she is an angel rejoicing now while we are weeping for her."

Fanny raised her eyes, and seeing the sympathetic tears that rolled down the good woman's cheeks, threw herself into her arms, and buried her face in her bosom.

"There! sob away, my poor child. It will relieve your broken heart," said Mrs. Brown.

Fanny raised her head after a few minutes, and wiped her eyes. "You are very good to me, ma'am," she said.

"Never mind my being good, my dear, but just tell us, my cousin the carpenter John Grey here and myself, what we can do for you."

Fanny tried to speak, but her quivering lips uttered no sound.

"Well, sit down, my dear; I see your head is too distracted to tell what you do want."

She went to the door, and held a whispered conversation with the carpenter, who then disappeared. She then put the room in order, and performed the last sad rites for poor Ellen. When all was done, observing that the glaring sun struck full on Fanny's aching eyes, she took off her dark apron, and hung it up before the window. Fanny silently took her seat by the bed. Mrs. Brown left the room, and returned after a short interval with a bowl of hot tea and a roll of bread. "There, my dear, try and swallow a little of this," she said. Poor Fanny tried to obey her, but she could not swallow. The kind woman placed it beside her, and said: "Well, perhaps you will taste this by and by. And now, good bye, my child; I must go home, for I have a family to attend to. I will see you again to-night."

A coffin was procured the next day; and poor Ellen, followed by Fanny, Mrs. Brown, and the carpenter, was consigned to the grave. The good woman now urged Fanny to return home with her, but the broken-hearted girl clung to the room in which her sister had breathed her last.

Five years have rolled away, and once again behold our friend Fanny. She is seated in a rocking-chair, in a small but neat and comfortable room. A beautiful infant is crowing and laughing in his cradle, the tea-table is set, and the tea-kettle gives forth its cheerful hum. Fanny is knitting, but now and then glances towards the window.

"I wonder what makes your father so late," she said, addressing the infant. The boy tossed its little chubby arms, as if in answer to her question. She bent over him and kissed him. At that moment the front door opened, and our carpenter, John Grey, walked into the room. He caught the child from its cradle,

and tossed him up in the air until the boy screamed with delight. He then threw him back in his cradle, and turned to his wife. A grave expression stole over his face, as he said:

"Fanny, there is a poor woman and her daughter in great distress not far off. The old woman is dying, and the daughter, a sickly, miserable-looking creature, seems half distracted. An accident caused me to become acquainted with their situation, and as it was a case where I could not do any good alone, I hastened home for you."

"Let us have our supper at once, John, and I will go with you; we can leave our child with our kind neighbour next door." Supper over, our worthy carpenter and his wife hastened to the relief of the miserable pair, John carrying a basket containing some articles for their relief. Wretched indeed was the scene that presented itself to their eyes. On a low, dirty straw bed, lay the body of the mother, and beside her, with her hair hanging in matted masses about her face, was the daughter. The good couple raised her, and gave her a cordial from their basket. She looked at them sullenly, but said nothing. When her hair was thrown back, Fanny thought that the countenance was familiar to her, but could not recollect where she had seen it. The face had been beautiful, and the outline of the figure was still graceful. After a few moments, the unhappy girl muttered, "How shameful that we should be left in this way! I have not deserved such infamous treatment." The tone of voice confirmed Fanny's half-formed suspicions. "Good heavens! Miss Norton, can this be you?"—"You may well ask the question," said the girl. "Yes, I am Miss Norton; but who are you who recognise me in this degraded state?"—"One who will do her utmost to serve you, young lady," said Fanny; "but how have you been thus reduced?"—"Whoever you are, you appear to know that I *have* been reduced. My father failed, and not being able to face the world, cut his throat. My mother and myself were left unprovided for. We could not work, and we lived for some time upon the sale of such articles of jewelry as we were able to secrete from the creditors; but we sold the last ring two months since, and my mother has begged from door to door since. She caught cold one rainy night, took a fever, and is now dead."—"But had you no relatives or friends, my dear young lady?"—"None," said the girl haughtily. The truth was, that Mr. Norton had laid the foundation of his fortune by a lucky speculation; he was originally of low origin, but as he acquired wealth, he and his wife cut and shook off all their humble relatives. The beauty of his daughter, whom he educated at a fashionable seminary, backed by

his own wealth, introduced them into fashionable society; and when he failed, those who would otherwise have come to the aid of his family, rejoiced in the idea "that pride must have a fall."

Two days after saw Rose established at Fanny's home. Fanny had set her house in order, and was now busy looking over a large basket of needlework. She drew forth a pair of woollen stockings, and commenced darning them. "Dear me, what shocking coarse work!" said Rose, contemptuously; "what beautiful things I used to make," she said, with a sigh.—"What kind of things?" said Fanny, mildly.—"Oh, card-racks and purses."—"Well, perhaps you could make some now, and we could sell them for you." Rose assented coldly to this proposition, and Fanny procured her some materials for her work that evening. But Rose's natural indolence was now increased by real ill health, and she would not try to exert herself. She spent the last few months of her life in peevish repinings over her lost luxuries. The good carpenter and his wife pitied although they could not respect her. She died, unregretted by any one save the kind couple, who made allowance for the faults and follies of a fashionably-educated beauty. They placed her by the side of her mother, and one stone recorded their names; and, as Fanny stood by the grave with her boy in her arms, she thanked God that her youth had been chastened by misfortune, and that under his providence, the toil of her own hands had given her the glorious privilege "of being independent!"

PREMATURE INTERMENTS AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTERSTON, M. D.

DEATH is an event which every living being in his senses wishes to avoid as long as possible. The miseries of life, its rapid realities, the loss of fortune, the privation of friends, disease, old age, and all the other "ills which flesh is heir to," tend to blunt its sting and soften its horrors; and to those who may have happily placed their reliance on Him who is the rock of their salvation, the anticipated glory of eternity, and the consciousness of a well-spent life, present a shield which, in the hour of dissolution, disarms the monster of his terrors, and smooths the rough path to the grave. But even to such it is a condition not entirely free from dread.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

Few can think of the dissolution of the body, of becoming a kneaded clod, the food of worms, a mass of putrefaction, and of quitting the delicious sunshine,—the gorgeous and enchanting scenes of this beautiful world, and all that renders life delightful, with calm and stoical indifference, or with a feeling of anticipated pleasure. To die, to sleep, to be obliterated from the memory of man as a thing that never lived, to sink into the cold grave and be utterly forgotten, is a reflection that must appal the great majority of mankind. Compared with it, the mere physical agony of dissolution is nothing, if that agony is at all experienced, which has been doubted.

"Death is a fearful thing,
Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod—
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

To die once, we should suppose, would be enough; but to be buried, and obliged as some have been, to go over all the agonies of a second dissolution, is most horrible. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the living to prevent even the possibility of such a calamity, and to see that every precaution be taken to avoid it. The signs of death are often uncertain, and human beings have not unfrequently been buried before the vital principle was extinct. These should be carefully observed and closely attended to before interment takes place. The most infallible indication of the total extinction of life, is the commencement of putrefaction; and the certain signs of death, according to Dr. Descamps of France, are a greenish-blue colour extending uniformly over the skin of the abdomen. The period at which this sign appears, is about the third day, under favourable circumstances of warmth and moisture. "Though dissolution," he observes, "of various kinds, and from various causes, may occur in other parts, the characteristic marks of death are to be found only in the abdomen." Apparent death can, therefore, no longer be confounded with real death, the abdomen never being coloured green or blue in any case of the former; and this colour, if attended to, will entirely prevent the danger of premature interment. M. Mainple, a learned Belgian, has recently discovered a very simple mode of distinguishing between real and apparent death. It consists in creating a small burn. If there be life, a blister is always formed, even in the absence of apparent sensibility; but nothing of the kind occurs if death has absolutely taken place. There is no danger to the public health from keeping a body until the appearance of

the characteristic signs of death as described by Dr. Descamps. Among the Greeks and Romans, the body was kept from three to six days after death, during which loud lamentations were uttered; the deceased was called upon by name, and the sound of various instruments was heard near the body. This was called the *conclamatio*.

"Sic funere primo
Attonitæ tacuere domus, quum corpora nondum
Conclamata jacent, nec mater crine soluto
Exegit ad sævos famularum brachia planetus."

In France, premature interments frequently occur, from the prevailing practice there of burying bodies too soon. In the course of twelve years, it is asserted, that ninety-four cases were prevented by fortuitous circumstances. Of these, thirty-four persons came back to life the moment the funeral ceremonies were about to commence; thirteen recovered by the tender care and attention of their families; seven from the fall of the coffins; nine from wounds inflicted by the needle in sewing up their winding-sheets; five from the sensations of suffocation they felt in the coffin; nineteen from accidental delay in interring them, and six from doubts entertained of their death.

In England and the United States, interments are rarely made till decomposition, the most infallible sign of death, has commenced. In Germany, interment is prohibited by law, for *three* days after death; and in the grave-houses attached to the burial-places of some of the principal towns of that nation, a curious and humane regulation exists, which requires bodies brought before the end of the three days allotted them to remain, to be laid on trestles, with rings on their toes and fingers to which bell-pulls are attached, so that if the corpse should revive, it may, by ringing for it, have immediate aid and assistance. After the three days, however, the body is considered as legally dead, and must be buried whether life be wholly extinct or not.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated of these I proceed to give. Archbishop Geron, in the town of Cologne, was buried alive, and died in consequence of not being released in time from the tomb. The same misfortune, it is stated, happened in the same place, to Johannes Duns Scotus, who was afterwards found with his hands torn, and his head lacerated. The following case is mentioned by Maximillion Messon. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poitiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her deathbed, a poor man of the neighbourhood,

acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her deathlike torpor, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterwards been the mother of several children. Messon gives another instance of a nearly similar character.

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring on one of her fingers, the gravedigger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body squeezed his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaging himself, made his escape in great haste, and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home, and knocked at the door, and called one of the servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the meantime, stood shivering in her shroud, till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris.

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together, they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbour's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this

painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover soon heard, with profound grief, of the event: but, as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the gravedigger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxysm. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that, when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognised her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavoured to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that, but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death; and urged a thousand other reasons, suggested by love: but, perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favourable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and, accordingly, escaped with his

wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1810. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man, named Julien Bosuet, a poor *littérateur*, or journalist, of Paris, who proved to be her favourite lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Renalle. This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died,—as it was supposed; for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave, in the village in which she was born. Bosuet, filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse and getting possession of her luxuriant tresses as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and, while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her he so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately employed the powerful restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived, and recognised her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but, concealing from him her resurrection, fled with him to America. Twenty years afterwards, they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would be unable to recognise her. But it would seem that they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognised and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years, had annulled the original contract and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

These two strange cases, though apparently similar, occurred at different periods and in different places. In the latter, the court seem to have been influenced by a higher sense of justice than that of the court which was about to decide against the claims of the preserver of his wife, and which he avoided by retiring with her to a foreign country.

Among the well-authenticated cases of premature interment, and restoration to life, is the following, which is recorded by Oehlenschläger. It occurred in Cologne in 1547. I give a translation from the original.

"Adocht, the reigning burgomaster at Cologne, had buried his young and beautiful wife. She had been subject to frequent fits, and in the last seemed to be dead, and was so considered. The funeral had been magnificent, and a vault in the great cathedral was to hold the body, which had been deposited in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top, according to the manner of the time and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with rich garlands, and the fingers with precious rings. The sexton, named Peter Bold, had locked the door and returned home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him. His own wife had prematurely given birth to a fine boy, and was totally unprovided with any kind of the comforts required on such occasions. His marriage had taken place against the desires of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac the Jew was recalled to his mind, but he would require a pledge. 'A pledge!' murmured Bold to himself; 'and why not borrow from the dead, as nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this lady who lies yonder. She would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without injuring any one?'

"Influenced by these thoughts, he returned to the place which he had just left, but which he now visited in a very different state of feeling. Before, he had been in the discharge of his duty; now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him when, passing the altar, he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his patron saint as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and he proceeded through the long choir towards the vault. The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing in it to renew his terror, and he fearlessly removed the lid of the coffin, and seized the hand of the

deceased. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! In his effort to release himself, he left both his mantle and his lantern. Running away hastily in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor, but, as soon as he recovered, he hastened towards the house of the senator, partly to relieve his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly unable to return again to make an examination.

"In the meantime the lady had entirely recovered her senses. She overturned the lantern by the first movement of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognise the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. What was her agony and despair, when she found she had been buried alive! She uttered a cry, but she knew too well that it could not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions, and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death. Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped. The warmth it communicated revived her a little. She recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin and throw herself on her knees to implore the mercy of God. She then attempted to get to the door and to move its rusty latch. But who can describe her joy when she found it open. She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and, feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thus enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here, however, she was so faint that a deadly coldness seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some wine might have been left from the last mass. She therefore made one more effort to reach the altar, and found just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

"No true believer had set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude to the Creator than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and her servants found her in that very act,

and used such further means for her complete restoration that, a few weeks afterwards, she appeared again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

The following is another instance of premature interment, of a still more romantic character, and is taken from the ancient chronicles of Venice.

Gherardo was a brave officer of the republic, and joined in the crusade which ended in the conquest of Constantinople. His return was greeted with joyful shouts, as his ship, laden with booty, approached the shore. But Gherardo had been betrothed to a beautiful Venetian lady, whom he passionately loved, and to whom he was to be united upon his return. He hastily returned the embrace of his father, sisters, and brothers, who had come to meet him, and inquired for Elena. "Why," asked he, "is she not with you?" They were silent, and he guessed the cause of her absence. His grief was intense and overwhelming, but he said nothing, and determined to see her once more. As soon as he had an opportunity, he hurried to the church where her body had been deposited, almost in a state of frenzy, and succeeded by bribery in obtaining access to the sacred depository. "There gleamed," says the writer from whom I have taken this curious incident, "here and there a glittering lamp; the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the coloured panes of the Gothic windows. The stillness of the sepulchre, the obscure depth of the lonely chapel, the solitude of the hour, the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hand trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and, lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen, white as snow, extended on the bier; a veil was over her face. The rays of the moon fell for a moment over the figure. His delirium returned, and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the veil. He, however, raised it. Her face was as pale as a lily, and her long fair hair fell over her shoulders and mixed in tresses on her breast; her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half-open lips. 'She sleeps!' cried Gherardo in his frenzy. 'Oh! waken, in pity!' and he laid his arm under her." He pressed his lips to her pale, cold cheek, and as he did so he fancied he felt her breathe, and that there was some warmth about her. Immediately he lifted her from the tomb, and, placing his hand on her breast, he was satisfied that the heart still beat. Imagine

Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulchre, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms! Immovable as stone, and as white, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulchre. The vital heat returned slowly into her breast; and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

(To be continued.)

AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

BY THE REV. C. R. BATCHELDER.

THE day with storms has passed away;
From earliest morn to eve,
The lightning's quick and frequent glare
Hath seemed the clouds to cleave:
The thunder's crash and sullen roll,
With rain and wind and hail,
Like battle's charge, or ocean's roar,
O'er other sounds prevail.

In field, in wood—by fount and hedge,
Both awe and silence reign;
The flocks and herds a shelter seek,
Which few or none obtain:
Of distant scenes—the mountain top,
The valley's sweep and stream,
The lakelet clear, and orchard slope—
No human eye can deem.

Anon the change; far down the west
The heavy clouds are rent;
With horizontal beams, the sun
New life to all hath sent.
No voice is mute; on every leaf
And blade bright jewels nod;
While age and infant feet come forth
To see the bow of God.

The emblem meet of life behold,
For our instruction given:
Our morn and noon full oft are passed,
Mid clouds by tempests driven;
By ill within, and cares without,
Our hearts are darkened all—
At eve we raise our song with joy,
To Him who heeds our call.

A darker scene to all impends:
Before our eyes it looms—
A land of darkness, wide and drear,
In which no floweret blooms;
But thence hath One of old returned,
Our Friend, our Life, our Might—
The grave itself will own His power—
At eve "it shall be light."

LIZZIE WHITE,

OR UNWELCOME YEARS TO RELUCTANT EARS.

BY M. S. A.

"Not going to Mrs. Welby's! Why did you know that Lizzie White, whom you always admired so abundantly, is to be there?"

"Yes; I knew she had returned."

"You 'knew she had returned,' you Ice-lander. What has come over you, to speak so coldly of a matter which is really so interesting to you?"

"I am glad Miss White is among us again, and I shall be pleased to meet her. She is a very entertaining girl."

"But you speak of her with as much non-chalance as you would of Queen Victoria—very unlike the *impressement* with which you once dwelt on her grace, taste, and conversational powers, her lofty character—"

"Gently, sister mine, you are drawing from imagination, and not memory."

"Now, James, this is really provoking! You certainly praised Lizzie White for more attractions and virtues than ever centred before in any one individual; you made her out altogether

'Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food!'

You were always urging me to invite her here; so that, although I liked her very much, my eagerness fell sadly in the rear of your own. You always joined her in all her promenades, whenever you obtained a distant glimpse of her in the street; and whenever you were in her society, you preferred conversing with her to any one else. You appeared *distract* when she was absent, and your face always lighted up when she entered the room; and now you will deny all this, I suppose, and satisfy your conscience by calling it a *White lie*! The reproaches of Miss Opie be upon you!"

"Apparently, I shall be amply punished with your own reproaches, Maria, if I ever have been as foolish as you aver."

"If you ever have! You shall not escape me so, James. What has changed you so? Has another 'bright, particular star,' arisen to you?"

"Man is inconstant ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never."

"No slur on the sex, or I shall quote, and from the most lenient of poets, too,—

"Woman's faith and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust,
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,

And each evanescent letter
Shall be brighter, fairer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean."

"Ah, ha! poor brother, then *she* is the inconstant one, and some more fortunate mortal is sunning himself in her favour. I do not believe it; for, the last time I saw you together, she smiled very graciously on you. So do not despair. I should like Lizzie White for a sister, of all things."

"And I prefer the sister I have."

"Don't bribe me by your flattery! You were certainly once much interested in her, and fast becoming more so. What change has come over the spirit of your dream? Have you ever seen one of her curls awry? Did she ever wear creaking shoes, or raise her voice too loud? Does not she hold her handkerchief in the approved way, letting the corners droop gracefully from the centre? Has she shown any bad match in colours, that you no longer deem her a match for you?"

"Faultless in her dress, Maria, so far as I have observed; graceful in her manners, uncommonly agreeable in conversation, with much generous feeling, and a fine mind, well cultivated—all this Miss White is; yet I will acknowledge to you, my dear sister, that a slight foible has changed my opinion of her. She is too sensitive respecting her *age*."

"Ah, then your objection is of *years'* standing; I never dreamed of such a foundation for it! Well, age is a tender point with Lizzie, I know, although how *you* should discern it, I do not know. She is twenty-seven or eight, and is older by some four or five years, than most of the ladies of our set with whom she is intimate, while many of her own age are married; and I suppose this is the reason why the subject of age always makes her nervous."

"But what a deplorable weakness! and it puts her whole character on a different footing. To wish for the concealment of age, shows that a person is living for an object which can be accomplished only within a certain number of years, while what should be the great purpose of life, we can always fulfil."

"Oh, you take the matter too seriously, James; and you are unjust, too. Lizzie is not living for the great goal of matrimony, for she has had and refused advantageous offers; but you know that in society, single ladies are apt to be a little *passé*, and have the odium of 'old maid' fastened upon them."

"No, I do *not* know that an agreeable woman who enters society with the right motives, not for the mere attention she can receive from the crowd who *do* follow the young and new, particularly the pretty face, I acknowledge; but from a desire for social sympathy, and in-

telligent conversation,—I do *not* know why she should be neglected, or in any way de trop. Cultivated persons will attract, and be attracted by others who are cultivated, of whatever age; and it can only be a restless anxiety to appropriate to oneself the superficial position of the belle, which would make the credit of a number of years an object."

"And there are few who could refrain from *re-belling* when they are obliged to relinquish this position! It is no such easy thing to see the circle gradually form round other favourites which used to encircle one the instant of entrance into the drawing-room. No such easy matter to feel that the becoming dress does not *tell* as universally as formerly,—that the ready repartee no longer finds the repeated echoes which once kept up its point."

"But, my dear sister, you are describing the triumphs of vanity, not the genuine pleasures of social intercourse. If Miss White lives for those, I no longer wonder at her wish to protest against time's account."

"No, no; she does not live for them, but these have sometimes lived for her. And, seriously, without being the less lofty in her character, or agreeable in conversation, she may not be wholly insensible to considerations to which you will find very few blind. But come, I have altered my mind about going to Mrs. Welby's, and you must accompany me. Lizzie will plead her own cause better than I seem to do."

At Mrs. Welby's a pleasant tea-party were collected;—just the number which gives choice and variety, if one wishes, or the prolonged tête-à-tête. Among the guests was Mrs. Cushman, an early schoolmate of some of the ladies, whom she had not met since her marriage, at eighteen, with a lawyer of another city. Pleasant, amiable, and pretty, not much given to generalization, naturally speaking of whatever came uppermost, she seemed to find more satisfaction in reminiscences and comparisons of the past than in any other subject. After some humorous anecdotes which she recalled of school days,—“Why, Lizzie White!” she exclaimed, as the lady entered the room; “still Lizzie White, I understand, and as young-looking as ever, I declare!” she added, shaking hands with a warm cordiality, which was hardly reciprocated. The *epithet* and its application deepened the colour on Miss White's cheek, and caused a transitory expression of vexation which the unwilling eyes of Maria Western noticed, but which she vainly hoped her brother did not perceive. She quickly turned the conversation to some general subject, on which she talked as fluently and gracefully as ever.

“By the way, Miss White,” said Mrs. Cush-

man, "who delivered the poem at — at the time Judge Knowles gave his humorous lecture on Cant?"

"I do not remember; I was a very young schoolgirl at the time. It seems to me that I have heard it was Bowring."

"Why, do you not remember our going over to — in a carriage together? It was" —

"Mr. Western," said Miss White, hastily, as she saw his attention was given to the conversation, "do you know Bowring? He is a most singular union of firmness of character with indecision of mind. No one can be more fixed in conduct if convinced in opinion; but the world in general believe him 'infirm of purpose.'"

"Oh, Miss White!" persisted the talkative, unsuspecting Mrs. Cushman, "you must remember that day of his poem. It was only the day before my seventeenth birthday, and there were only five days' difference" —

"You are losing your pin, Mrs. Cushman!" almost shrieked Miss White, while the lady put up her hand to rescue the ornament, which reposed in its place as securely as ever, while Western half turned his head to conceal a contemptuous smile at the *ruse*.

"Ah! I was mistaken. Excuse me; but I always tremble for cameos, they are so easily broken. I once spoiled one by dropping it on the pavement. It was a copy of an exquisite painting,—'Consolation.' Apropos of consolation, you know that notorious, money-loving Blake. Hardly had his wife been deposited in her tomb, when, hearing that old Warren was dead, and his bereaved widow, his enriched widow, rather, was set in all his bequeathed wealth, he hastened, before any competitor could anticipate him, to bespeak an interest in her sentiment and silver. The old lady is very deaf, and as he told her he had come to offer her his heart,—'Offer me a harp! I never knew anything about music, except Old Hundred and a few psalm-tunes, when I hear 'em.' Then he told her, with as much variety as his romantic vocabulary could command, that he was attached to her. The word *attach* reached her auricular in its most *taking* sense. 'Impossible, sir! Mr. Warren did not leave a debt in the world; you can't attach a thing!' At length he made her comprehend in plain English, that it was on Cupid's errand he came,—that he wished to marry her. 'Why, I have hardly buried my husband,' she replied. 'Well, I have not buried my wife,' he returned; and the old lady, not understanding that he referred to entombment, thought he must be *daft*. 'Not buried your wife! Well, sir,' she said, drawing herself up to her full height, with some of the old-school dignity, 'I trust I sha'n't meet you again until after her funeral!' and left

him, muttering, 'Stupid old simpleton! but, oh, so rich!'

All the guests laughed at this anecdote, characteristic of the parties, and told with so much life and animation; but Mr. Western's face soon relapsed into seriousness: he had noted the haste with which it was introduced to avoid a subject which a foible alone made revolting. Before the evening was over, he was convinced that another had observed it too, for Ralph Healey soon found, or rather made, occasion to introduce the subject. Ralph was a person of shrewd knowledge of character, accompanied by some enjoyment of its foibles, which led him to tread very often on the corns of others, not from a wish to give pain, but from a mischievous pleasure in exposing and punishing what seemed to him mere follies. A man of more sensibility would have shrunk from seeing his victim writhe; but, destitute of all pride, and encased in an easy, good-natured manner and love of fun, he delighted to venture where most would retreat, and extract amusement for himself and others. Although finely educated, we suspect that he had been suffered at school to give rather a loose translation of some of Esop's fables,—the frogs and the boys, for instance.

Before the evening passed away, Ralph crossed the room to Miss White, who had been conversing with Mr. Western, for whose uncommon coldness of manner she could not account, but which reacted somewhat on her own, so that the conversation was proceeding with less animation than usual when they were together, when Ralph joined them.

"And so, Miss White," he remarked, glancing at Mrs. Cushman, who was talking with a group in another parlour, "you were a schoolmate of Mrs. Cushman. Well, it is astonishing what a difference the wear and tear of domestic cares do make in the impression one would receive of a lady's age. I should have said," he continued, apparently not observing her attempt to speak, "that Mrs. Cushman—a pleasant woman, by the way—was on the *fortified* side of thirty. But it is Hymen, the wretch, and not Time, which has planted those wrinkles which others of her years have not."

"It is true Mrs. Cushman and I were at the same school, but she was much older than myself," replied Miss White, colouring violently, "many years older. She is not so agreeable as I had supposed her,—miserably wanting in tact."

"Pardon," replied Ralph; "I misunderstood her to say that there were only five days' difference" —

"I do not know what she said," hastily rejoined the confused lady, on whom her tormentor directed his eyes, with his most bland

smile, calmly watching every varying expression of her face; "she has seemed to me insufferably stupid. Have you heard anything of — since he left the city?"

"No, I have not; but you must excuse me for differing from you about Mrs. Cushman, who seems to me a fine-hearted, pleasant woman, and I have listened to her conversation with much pleasure? Do not you like her, Western?"

"Yes, I think her amiable and agreeable, and I imagined I had heard you praise her, Miss White, in speaking of her formerly to my sister."

"Oh, yes, she is amiable enough, for aught I know;—stupid people generally are; but I have thought her very disagreeable this evening," she replied, with a slight shade of anger.

"It must be," said Ralph, with one of his laughs, "that you have no taste for reminiscences, Miss White. After all, Western, perhaps ladies do not like to meet schoolmates as much as we do our college chums. Though talking over old times does make us feel *old*, undeniably *old*," he said, turning on his heel, while Mr. Western felt little spirit to renew any conversation with Miss White, who looked relieved, and made several attempts to introduce some amusing subject.

"This weakness makes her lose self-possession and grace, and, worse still, makes her untruthful, unjust, and irritable," he murmured constantly to himself.

For some days after Mrs. Welby's gathering, as if by mutual consent, no reference was made to the evening, either by Mr. Western or his sister, until she said to him, suddenly, "James, answer me one question!"

"As many as you wish, Maria."

"Then tell me, did you receive your impression of Lizzie's sensitiveness on the subject of age from Ralph Healey?"

"I do not usually look at ladies through Mr. Healey's eyes."

"Nay, James, now do not be offended at the question. You know that man's propensity to spy out and ridicule defects in every one. He has truly the microscopic vision which would detect the insect at the rose's heart, and he might have first called your attention to this slight flaw in a character so otherwise attractive as Lizzie. Now, *parole d'honneur*, did he not?"

"No, Maria, I observed it myself from Miss White's careful avoidance of any parallel subjects, and nervousness when it accidentally came up; and I did not know, until the evening at Mrs. Welby's, that Ralph was aware of the weakness as well as myself."

"That unfortunate evening! how bitterly I repented of having induced you to go there,

for I never before saw the defect so palpably manifested. But it is some consolation to me that your own observation and reflection have changed you, and not the captious, fault-finding, or insidious ridicule of another. If you perceive a fault which is sufficient to weaken your admiration of a fine mind, and your confidence in an otherwise excellent character, and which leads you to a decision, I will endeavour to acquiesce in it, though with sorrow, be it confessed. But if the sneer, or ridicule, or ungenerous exaggeration, of any one of a class who derive their amusement from the defects of others, just as some animals draw their nutriment from corruption; if such an one has led you, for the sake of a weakness which might beset the most noble, and could be easily overcome, to throw aside all your previous conceptions of a person whose scope and merits such superficial satirists cannot comprehend; if this has been the case, I cannot respect the high independence and magnanimity of my brother as I could wish."

"I agree with you, Maria, that it requires no deep insight into character, no very lofty standard of excellence, to perceive petty notes in others;—notes which may exist in the most exalted, and which can be detected by those who have not merit enough themselves to appreciate it in others."

"My dear brother, then do not dwell so much on this trifling fault in Lizzie, which we can all of us match with a greater, for this certainly injures no one but herself, and you used to like her so much, and so justly."

"True, I have admired her more than any lady I ever met in society, but I cannot respect a desire for a deception which has no other purpose but shallow vanity."

"Not deception;—concealment merely."

"Yes, deception, Maria. Does not this wish to screen her age lead her to colour and distort facts, and actually to tell an untruth?"

"James!"

"You may say that the falsehood of calling herself several years younger than a school-mate of her own age injured no one; but it surely showed that her own soul was debased, that her standard of truth would succumb to the silliest, vainest temptation. You are right to like her for her excellencies, but what confidence could I have in one whose better feelings, whose moral principles, ever are at the mercy of such a folly?"

"But she may have been *once* overcome by such a momentary impulse, and have bitterly regretted it. Think how unjust you may have been to judge her by one instance."

"I think not. There has been for some time past the same sensitiveness on the subject, the same desire to change it when introduced, and

by indirect allusions to give a false impression. All this cannot be indulged without fostering meanness and undermining the principle of truth, although I never, before the other evening, heard her make a directly false statement. At Mrs. Welby's, her fear of a disclosure of her years led her to receive with coldness, and even regard with anger, and mention depreciatingly (so soon do meanness and injustice follow in the train), a lady of whom I had heard her speak to you with affection, led her to expose herself to the contempt of a man like Healey, who was keen enough to desecry and heartless enough to laugh over such a commonplace weakness, and at last even led her to violate conscience by a paltry falsehood."

"It is so common a feeling among ladies who have passed their teens."

"Well, the more common it is among ladies who imagine that their prospect for advantageous offers is confined to a certain limit of years, the more an intellectual being who does not regard this as her 'being's end and aim' should cultivate strength of mind enough to conquer such a foible, which certainly has a disadvantage when compared with the strides of other faults. It must increase in alarming proportion with the march of time. No more, Maria; do not let your partiality for a friend urge on your brother a union with one whom he cannot respect. *It can never be.*"

"Children," said Mrs. Western, at the dinner-table, "I have received a letter to-day from my old and tried friend, Mrs. Mead, who was so many years in my father's family, and like a sister to me, saying that her husband's brother, Mr. Mead, is coming to this vicinity on business, and that she had induced her daughter Celia to accompany him. Mrs. Mead herself is lame now, and it is some years since she was here to see me. I shall write for Celia to come immediately here, and remain with us as long as we can make her happy. It will rejoice me to see her."

"She has never been here then, mother?"

"Yes, she was here once with Mrs. Mead—let me see how many years ago—I remember she was seventeen then. You had just finished your collegiate course, James, and were absent at the time; and Maria, I suppose, hardly remembers her."

"Yes, mother, I do remember her, although I was scarcely eleven then; but she seemed to me very pretty, with such a pleasant voice. She was tall, with dark hair and eyes. It is nearly twelve years since her visit."

"She was a lovely girl, simple and retiring, but vivacious when excited; reminding me very much of Mrs. Mead at her age—one of the best women I ever knew. I had expected to hear

of her marriage, but it seems that she is Celia Mead still."

"She cannot be very youthful," said Maria, with a scarcely perceptible glance at her brother; "twenty-nine she must be now. Well, I shall be glad to see her."

When Miss Mead arrived, she was welcomed with all the cordiality of an old friend by Mrs. Western, and soon felt herself at home, in so agreeable, kind a family. After answering all the inquiries respecting those she had left behind, she began to speak of her journey, and gave an amusing description of her adventures, and the changes she found since she had passed over the same route. Railroad and steamboat had superseded the slower enginery of stages. "One sense in which 'the world is a stage,' has passed away," Celia said, laughing. "And you, Miss Western, were a little girl, and took your books very faithfully to school every morning when I was here before, while I was just emancipated from boarding-school, having many years the advantage of yourself," she added, with a humorous bow and smile. "Nearly twelve years since I have seen you; but I should have recognised you anywhere as some familiar face."

Maria glanced at her brother, in whose countenance she read, "Thank Heaven, there is one woman at least, who has the strength of mind to treat her age like any other topic!" He felt impressed in her favour from this circumstance; and as he conversed with her, he found her cultivated, high-minded, with true feminine delicacy, and without any attempt to shine, or attract admiration to herself. In a short time she seemed "quite one of them," and Mrs. Western and Maria, and even Mr. James himself, felt the influence of her presence and gifts. With uncommon resources within herself, she was happy in solitude or society; but when with others, her exuberant social feeling flowed readily into the general current. Mirthful, both from cheerful views of life, and natural gaiety, her wit was remarkably free from the exaggeration which too often betrays it, as her knowledge was from display; and you saw in her character and intercourse with others, the same transparent sincerity and openness which made her confess herself an old maid without compunction.

When Celia Mead returned to P——, Mr. Western accompanied her; and if he might have chosen a younger bride, he could not have selected one who would have fulfilled better the promise of lofty truth which her freedom from the petty fault of many of her sex had led him to expect, nor one whom Maria would have loved better as a sister.

Agatha.

MUSIC BY FRANZ ABT.

Andantino. *Fine.*

p

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

When the swal - lows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef, with lyrics written below it. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines. The key signature remains three flats and the time signature is 3/4.

nei - ther hill nor dale, Chants the sil - v'ry night - in - gale, In these words my bleed - ing

pp *string.*

pp *string. colla parte.*

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The key signature remains three flats and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

heart, Would to thee its grief impart: When I thus thy

i - - - image lose, Can I, ah! can I e'er know re -

pose? Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - - pose? *D. C. al Fine.*

SECOND VERSE.

When the white swan southward roves,
 To seek at noon the orange groves;
 When the red tints of the west
 Prove the sun has gone to rest;
 In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart:
 When I thus thy image lose,
 Can I, ah! e'er know repose?

THIRD VERSE.

Hush! my heart, why thus complain?
 Soon shall rest reward thy pain;
 Though all earthly things do fleet,
 Comes a day when all shall meet!
 Thou, my heart, must find relief,
 Yielding to these words belief:
 I shall see thy form again,
 Though to-day we part in pain!

MUSICAL ARTICLE.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THE MUSICAL TRINITY.

WILL our musical readers tolerate for once, instead of comments upon art and artists, a half-hour of pure speculation—just a hint or outline of a thought, perhaps a hobby, pertaining to the *science* of the divine art? The origin and significance of the scale or gamut, or series of tones, which are to the composer what the palette is to the painter, is a matter about which no one can be incurious, who has felt the influence of music. All we have now to offer about it is a bare hint, which, as it occurred to us, seemed very pregnant; so that we venture to suggest it as a nucleus thought, for more thorough and extended inquiries into the philosophy of tones, or of the scale.

The nucleus of the tone-system, which is thus beginning in our mind to form itself, is simply the number THREE. This smacks somewhat of a Pythagorean philosophy of numbers. But what is music, what is any art, or any product we call beautiful, but just a reproduction, a transcription, or translation of the mystery of ONE IN MANY, of UNITY IN VARIETY? And it is to *mathematical ratios* of vibrations that we literally trace all the consonances and dissonances of tones in music.

We say, then, that the number Three lies at the foundation of the musical scale. In every scale there are three fundamental and essential notes. These are the notes: one, four, and five; or, technically, the tonic, the subdominant, and the dominant. Having these three, you virtually are master of the whole scale; that is, you have the means of reaching and commanding all its elements, all the intervals of the octave. How so? What is the process by which a musical thought develops itself? What are the first necessary moments or stages in its movement?

First.—There is a starting-point, which is a point of rest, a key-note, or tonic; C, for instance. To this tone is the whole melody or movement, the whole harmonic progression, continually tending for completion and repose. It is the fixed point in the revolving system. Without quitting its centre, this key-note can command some variation. It clothes, enriches, completes itself with its *harmonics*, those fainter secondary vibrations, which a close listener may detect above the principal and loud tone: these are the third and fifth, making the triad or common chord, and finally the flat or “perfect” seventh. If the ground-tone accompanies itself still farther upward by smaller and smaller intervals, these have ceased to be harmonic or appreciable to the ear. Still, the expression of the key-note, even when thus

clothed with its self-accompaniments, is repose, monotony, plain, unqualified assertion; like the word “assuredly,” which in the Koran often makes a sentence by itself.

In this note, then, this ground-tone, or tonic, we have the PRINCIPLE OF UNITY in the scale.

Second.—What does and must follow? Why, a counter-statement or assertion; something to hold the first in balance, and offset it, so that there may be variety in unity, and life in repose. Here steps in the Fifth, or Dominant. From the Tonic harmony the first remove is naturally into the Dominant harmony. To Do follows Re, which is a part of the Dominant chord. The Dominant, which is one of the key-note's own harmonics, takes up, as it were, an independent position outside of the key-note, becomes itself a key-note, and from its own opposite centre seems for the time being to contradict what has been laid down in the Tonic. Thus arises the element of difference, which, as it were, makes elbow-room for progress. Here musical movement gets its first stimulus; here is the beginning of a strain, a melody, in this act of breaking the repose of an unqualified accord. Thought follows thought, continually offsetting, qualifying, so that, in place of just one simple text or dictum, we get the possibility of wide discourse and argument.

In the Dominant, therefore, we find the PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE, or the principle of Order, Method, and Degree.

Third.—The very simplest musical sentence, the merest tune, must employ at least the two Chords (Tonic and Dominant) above named. Have you not listened to the bass of some hum-drum ditty, as it tilted between the key-note and the fifth. The continuous see-saw soon grows wearisome. The Dominant, to be sure, has qualified the Tonic statement, and introduced a little life and restlessness. But something newer yet—not contradictory, but *new*—is wanted. And the tune attempts this first usually by passing into the Chord of the Fourth, or Subdominant, which comes upon the ear with a sense of novelty and surprise. Here we have the PRINCIPLE OF VARIETY. Here you commence the circle of transitions, or modulations into new scales, new keys, new spheres of tone. The Tonic contains the necessity for modulation in its own natural harmonics. As long as it only uses the third and fifth to make out the common chord, it is not obliged to go out of its own scale or key. But if it indulge in once touching the next natural harmonic, which is the Flat Seventh (as, C to B flat), then it is compelled to modulate entirely over into the key or scale of F (its Fourth), and now the tune adopts that for its key-note.

Music, in combining and arranging tones, has three resources, which are, Harmony,

Melody, and Modulation. These are the three elements of composition, so far as mere intonation is concerned. See how all three are typed in the three essential notes which we have detected in every scale.

1. The key-note, with its harmonics, (forming an harmonic circle, if so it can be called, that never comes round into itself, or rather an infinite series of ever smaller and more discordant intervals,) typifies HARMONY, or the repose of a full chord.

2. The Dominant, by the introduction of the element of difference, and by interpolating its own harmonics between those of the key-note, furnishes a scale (or diatonic circle) where we had only an accord, and so typifies MELODY.

3. The Subdominant is in the same way the type of MODULATION, opening the circle of Fifths, or circle of keys.

These three principles exhaust the art of Music, or rather of Counterpoint, since we take here no account of rhythm, quality of tone, &c.

The same fact holds, by correspondence, in everything organic as well as in music. The sacred number Three is the first step in the ramification of One out into Many. It is the typical number of science; the beginning of distribution, order, method; and therefore the root of all analogy and correspondence.

Unity in variety implies a centre, a fixed point, or pivot, about which all the individual elements of that variety revolve, to which they gravitate, and against which they balance one another and so hold their places. The simplest instances are those of a trunk and two branches, a body and two arms, a centre and two wings;—in a word, a series of three terms, one of which holds the other two in equipoise. Now

our whole musical tone-system may be condensed down or traced back to a single series of three tones. The Tonic, Dominant, and Subdominant harmonies sustain precisely this relation to each other. A piece of music centres in its Tonic, in the common chord or triad of its key-note, as its point of rest. This is the body and middle of the structure. The arms or wings which it throws out to the right and left, as soon as it "addresses itself to motion," are the chords of the next-related keys, that is, of its Fifth and Fourth, or Dominant and Subdominant, commonly termed "the attendant harmonies."

In the musical scale, therefore, the key-note, fifth and fourth, are the essential tones. And it is well known that all the other tones of the scale are generated by those three; the scale being only the arrangement in an ascending and descending series, according to pitch, of the principal harmonies of these three. So that to every scale there are *three* ground-tones, or roots, instead of one, as commonly imagined.

The clearest and most philosophic order in which to write the diatonic scale and place it before the eye, would be that which should place the key-note, or pivot, in the middle, instead of at the beginning, and the Fourth and Fifth at either extremity; making two homogeneous tetrachords, one ascending from SOL to DO, the other descending from FA to DO, thus:

5	6	7	8-1	2	3	4
SOL,	La,	Si,	DO,	Re,	Mi,	FA.

The notes between SOL and DO, and DO and FA, are but the connecting notes which fill out either wing.

EDITORIAL.

ART NOTICES.

COUNT EBERHARD, THE WEEPER OF WIRTEMBERG.—The mezzotinto engraving in our present number, is copied from an original picture, painted by the celebrated Ary Scheffer, and now in the Gallery of the Boston Athenæum, to which institution this fine work belongs. It illustrates one of Schiller's early ballads, thus rendered into English verse by Bulwer:*

"Ha, ha! take heed! ha, ha! take heed!†
Ye knaves, both south and north!

* Count Eberhard reigned from 1344-92. His son Ulrick was defeated, before Reutling, in 1377, and fell the next year in battle, at Doffingen, near Stuttgart, in a battle in which Eberhard was victorious. There is something of national feeling in this fine war-song, composed in honour of the old Suabian hero, by a poet himself a Suabian.

† "Don't bear the head too high."
Ihr, ihr dort aussen in der Welt,
Die Nasen eingespannt!

For many a man both bold in deed,
And wise in peace the land to lead,
Old Suabia has brought forth.

"Proud boasts your Edward and your Charles,
Your Ludwig, Frederic—are!
Yet Eberhard's worth, ye bragging carles!
Your Ludwig, Frederic, Edward, Charles—
A thunder-storm in war!

"And Ulrick, too, his noble son,
Ha, ha! his might ye know;
Old Eberhard's boast, his noble son,
Not he the boy, ye rogues, to run,
How stout soe'er the foe!

"The Reutling lads with envy saw
Our glories, day by day;
The Reutling lads shall give the law—
The Reutling lads the sword shall draw—
Oh, Lord, how hot were they!

"Out Ulrick went, and beat them not—
To Eberhard back he came:

A lowering look young Ulrick got—
Poor lad, his eyes with tears were hot,
He hung his head for shame.

"Ho, ho!" thought he, 'ye rogues, beware!
Nor you nor I forget;
For, by my father's beard* I swear,
Your blood shall wash the blot I bear,
And Ulrick pay you yet!"

"Soon came the hour! with steeds and men
The battle-field was gay;
Steel closed on steel at Doffingen;
And joyous was our stripping then,
And joyous the hurra!

"The battle lost' our battle-cry;
The foe once more advances:
As some fierce whirlwind cleaves the sky,
We skirr through blood and slaughter by,
Amid a night of lances.

"On, lion-like, grim Ulrick sweeps;
Bright shines his hero-glaive;
Her chase before him Fury keeps,
Far-heard behind him Anguish weeps,
And round him—is the grave!

"Woe! woe! it gleams—the sabre-blow;
Swift-sheering, down it sped;
Around, brave hearts the buckler throw;
Alas! our boast in dust is low!
Count Eberhard's boy is dead!

"Grief checks the rushing victor-van;
Fierce eyes strange moisture know;
On rides old Eberhard, stern and wan,
'My son is like another man—
March, children, on the foe!"

"And fiery lances whirled around,
Revenge, at least, undying!
Above the blood-red clay we bound!
Hurra! the burghers break their ground,
Through vale and woodland flying!

"Back to the camp, behold us throng,
Flags stream, and bugles play;
Woman and child with choral song,
And men, with dance and wine, prolong
The warrior's holyday.

"But our old Count—and what doth he?
Before him lies his son,
Within his lone tent, loneliness,
The old man sits, with eyes that see
Through one dim tear—his son!

"So heart and soul, a loyal band,
Count Eberhard's band we are!
His front the tower that guards the land,
A thunderbolt his red right hand,
His eye a guiding star!

"Then take ye heed—ah! take heed,
Ye knaves, both south and north!
For many a man both bold in deed,
And wise in peace the land to lead,
Old Suabia has brought forth!"

Ary Scheffer stands in the very front rank of living historical painters. A few of his works have become familiar to Americans by engravings, conspicuous among which is the "Christus Consolatus." He resides in France, but is by birth a Belgian, we believe. Many of his most important productions were painted for, or purchased by, Louis Philippe, while King of the French. A beautiful

* Count Eberhard had the nickname of Rushbeard, from the rustling of that appendage, with which he was favoured to no ordinary extent.

picture by him of "the three Maries weeping over the dead body of Christ," was brought to this country by the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Goupil, Vibert & Co., of New York, and exhibited in the principal Atlantic cities, about two years since. In it the expression of the faces of the mourning women was truly wonderful. In mere execution or method of handling, this painting, and the "Count Eberhard," are as unlike as it is possible to be, for the work of the same hand. The latter is bold and vigorous as a sketch, while the "Dead Christ" is elaborately smooth. The father and brothers of this artist were, or are also painters of distinction.

The second of our embellishments is by Frith, and to speak of him would be but to repeat what was said in a former number of this Magazine.

The third print is from a painting by our distinguished American painter, Benjamin West. When on a former occasion we gave an engraving from one of his works, and another representing an interesting incident in his early life, a long article on this artist was printed, which extended through two numbers. Any further notice of him here would therefore be superfluous. The subject of the picture is of course familiar to every one as a Bible history.

J. S.

BOOK NOTICES.

POLYGLOT POCKET-BOOK. By J. Strause. This volume, about the size of an ordinary pocket dictionary, contains a collection of the most common words and phrases used in ordinary life, arranged under various heads, and expressed in six different languages,—English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese,—so that a person knowing any one of these languages may have the means of expressing his ordinary wants in any or all of the others. The book must be very useful to those who have occasional dealings with foreigners, but have not the means or the leisure to study foreign languages in the ordinary and regular manner.

SALANDER AND THE DRAGON. By Frederick William Shelton, M.A. Putnam. This is a most ingenious and amusing allegory, illustrating the danger and sin of slander. It has some capital points, of which old John Bunyan himself need not be ashamed.

SCIENCE OF THINGS FAMILIAR. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. C. S. Francis & Co., New York. The fact that more than twenty-five thousand copies of this book were sold in less than two years, is the best proof that it was adapted to a popular want. Experience is constantly suggesting questions like these:—"Why does abundance of dew in the morning indicate that the day will be fine? Why does a blue dress appear green by candlelight? Why does an oar in water seem bent?" Dr. Brewer's volume contains simple and yet truly scientific solutions to some two thousand queries of this kind. It is therefore a very useful book to have in a school or family.

SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S LIVY. Lea & Blanchard. We have before noticed with much satisfaction the American reprint of this excellent series of school classics. Its popularity, however, must be impaired by the shocking misprints which occur.

THE THEORY OF EFFECT. By an Artist. J. W. Moore, Philadelphia. The "Artist" in this volume discusses in a practical manner, for the use of those learning to draw, the general theory of effect, embracing the contrast of light and shade, of colour, and harmony. The directions are accompanied by illustrations in wood by Hinckley. It is a valuable manual for those who wish to judge of works of art, as well as for those who wish to produce them.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY. By the Rev. David King, LL.D. Carter & Brothers: New York. The object of this essay is to exhibit in a popular form some of the leading results of Geology, and to show at the same time

their harmony with the doctrines of revealed religion. It is published in very pretty style.

STATICS. By Gaspard Monge. E. C. & J. Biddle. Philadelphia. The recent falling down of two large buildings—one of them a church—in this city, shows the want of a better knowledge of the principles of Statics among our architects and mechanics. The work just issued by the Biddles is a French treatise, first published in 1786, and much used in that country as a standard text-book for synthetical studies, before commencing analytical statics. It is translated by Mr. Woods Baker, of the United States Coast Survey, and is highly recommended by Professor Bache, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, by Professors Kendall and Boyé, of the Philadelphia High School, McCulloch, of Princeton, and Frazer, of the University of Pennsylvania.

THE NORMAL SONG BOOK, by Johnson and Osgood; Wilkins, Carvers & Co., Boston. We quote the title of a music book, prepared especially for common schools, by some of the expert singing-masters of Boston.

A COMPENDIUM OF GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES. By Charles D. Cleveland. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.; Philadelphia. This valuable compend, which has been for some time thrown out of the market in consequence of the failure of the former publishers, has once more made its appearance under auspices highly favourable to its success.

REVIEW OF CHEMISTRY FOR STUDENTS. By John G. Murphy, M. D. Lindsay & Blakiston; Philadelphia. Dr. Murphy's design, in the preparation of this manual, appears to have been to facilitate the labours of medical students. It is not a regular text-book of Chemistry, but treats of the science as exhibited in our medical schools, and with a view, we suppose, to help the students in preparing for an examination.

THE PRAIRIE. By J. Fennimore Cooper. George P. Putnam. The last of the Leather-Stocking Tales is here presented, complete in one volume, revised by the author, with a new introduction and valuable notes. Cooper, despite his sins, is still the great American novelist, and no private library would be thought complete without a copy of his works—and no edition of his works is so suitable for library purposes as this, the author's revised edition, now in course of publication by Mr. Putnam.

SMITH'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. Harpers. 1039 pp. 8vo. Some ten years since, an association of English scholars, with Dr. William Smith at their head, undertook to prepare a series of classical Dictionaries. Their plan embraced 1, a "Dictionary of Antiquities," which has been completed in one volume, 8vo., of about 1200 pages; 2, a "Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," which has also been completed in three volumes, 8vo., of about 3600 pages; 3, a "Dictionary of Geography," not yet published, but under way; and 4, and lastly, a "Compend" of all these, in one volume of about 1000 pages, which is the "Classical Dictionary," now issued by the Harpers, under the editorial supervision of the indefatigable Dr. Anthon.

The last-named work goes over all the ground occupied by the larger ones, but treats of the several articles with corresponding brevity, omitting discussions and references to authorities, and giving special attention to those words requiring elucidation, that occur in the ordinary text-books of schools and colleges. It is, in other words, a manual for the tyro, while the larger works are for the use of the more advanced student. It was intended in England to supersede Lempriere, which is said still to hold out a lingering existence in that country. Had it been published in this country under any other auspices than the present, it might have been construed into a purpose to effect the same thing here in regard to Anthon. But as neither the Doctor nor his publishers would be likely to be *felo de se* in regard to their own work, it may be inferred that *Anthon's* Classical Dictionary, and *Smith's*, are to circulate side by side, though of nearly the same size, and going over precisely the same ground. In fact, they are both works of great excellence, that of Anthon being suited equally for the tyro and the advanced student, while that

which he has edited is for the tyro alone. One or the other of them should be in the hands of every American scholar.

THE MOORLAND COTTAGE. By the author of "Mary Barton." Harpers. A tempting little story, by one of the very best of our recent novelists.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. By David A. Wells and Lawrence Bliss. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by Daniels & Smith, Philadelphia. The success attending the publication of the first volume of this series has encouraged the editors and publishers to go on with the work. They have given us accordingly a second volume of more than four hundred pages of closely-printed matter, containing an abstract of the general progress of science in all its departments during the year 1850. The uses of such a work are of the most obvious character. Few, even of those professionally devoted to science, attempt to keep pace with more than some one of its great departments, while the great mass of educated readers are in danger of being left behind entirely, so rapid is the advance of physical discovery. Now, a moderate-sized volume like this, containing a well-digested summary of results, puts within the reach of all who have once learned the general principles of science the means of keeping at least partially posted up in regard to the movements of science and of the savans.

HINTS AND HELPS TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By Joel H. Ross, M.D. Derby & Miller, Auburn, N. Y. Without undertaking to vouch for the correctness of all the doctrines advanced by Dr. Ross, and certain that many of his paragraphs have been penned without the fear of Blair or Murray before his eyes, we can yet commend it most heartily for its good sense, directness, and fun. The last item in our praise may seem odd for a professed and semi-professional work on hygiene. But it is none the less true. Dr. Ross's book is really one of the most amusing of the season. One laughs over it, as he does over the sayings of "Poor Richard," and yet rises from the perusal a wiser man. Indeed, there is a clear vein of mother wit running through the volume that reminds us very pleasantly of Dr. Franklin.

WALLACE. A Franconia Story. By the author of the "Rollo Books." Harpers. This second of the "Franconia Stories" has followed rapidly upon the heels of its predecessor. Like "Malleville," it contains pleasant pictures of every-day life, interwoven with a story that has just sufficient interest to carry the youthful reader along to the end, without anything of the thrilling or unduly exciting kind. Indeed, the absence of exaggeration is one of its most charming qualities as a book for the young.

JANE BOUVERIE; or Prosperity and Adversity. By Miss Catherine Sinclair. Harpers. The deserved popularity which attended Miss Sinclair's former publications, "Holiday House," "Sir Edward Graham," &c., will of itself be sufficient to attract readers to her new volume. There are not a few who will feel it to be a matter of congratulation that she has once more resumed the pen. The present volume, a work of fiction, is written with the professed view of benefiting that important class of women sometimes known as "single ladies," showing that it is possible for such to be both honoured and happy—as it is for a novel to end—without a marriage.

KALTSCHMIDT'S LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Lea & Blanchard. 477 pp., 18mo. This is, without exception, one of the most acceptable and valuable manuals for the use of the classical student that has appeared in many years. While several valuable and copious Latin Lexicons have within a few years been published in this country, a want has long been felt and acknowledged of a good school dictionary, which, within reasonable compass and at a moderate price, should present to the student all the information requisite for his purposes, as elucidated by the most recent investigations, and at the same time unincumbered with erudition useful only to the advanced scholar, and increasing the size and cost of the work be-

yond the reach of a large portion of the community. It is with this view especially that the present work has been prepared, and the names of its distinguished authors are a sufficient guarantee that this intention has been skilfully and accurately carried out.

The present volume has been compiled by Dr. Kaltschmidt, the well-known German lexicographer, from the best Latin dictionaries now in use throughout Europe, and has been carefully revised by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. Learned discussions and disquisitions could not be introduced, as incompatible with the objects for which the dictionary is intended, and because they would have swelled considerably the bulk of the volume. On the other hand, it has been thought advisable to give, as far as possible, the etymology of each word, not only tracing it to its Latin or Greek root, but to roots or kindred forms of words occurring in the cognate languages of the great Indo-Germanic family. This feature, which distinguishes the present dictionary from all others, cannot fail to awaken the learner to the interesting fact of the radical identity of many apparently heterogeneous languages, and prepare him at an early stage for the delightful study of comparative philology.

The aim of the publishers has been to carry out the author's views as far as possible by the form and arrangement of the volume. The type, though clear and well printed, is small, and the size of the page such as to present an immense amount of matter in the compass of a single handsome 18mo. volume, furnished at a price far below what is usual with such works, and thus placing within the reach of the poorest student a neat, convenient, and complete lexicon, embodying the investigations of the most distinguished scholars of the age.

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI. *Harpers.* Our traveller does not commence his "Nile Notes" in the orthodox book-making way,—that is, by describing his passage from New York to Liverpool, and thence to Gibraltar, with excursions upon each shore of the Mediterranean,—but dashes at once "in medias res." Travels up the Nile are getting to be as common as travels on the Rhine once were. Our Howadji, aware that the subject is becoming trite, endeavours to make it interesting by a very lively style, and by dismissing summarily all circumlocutions and prefaces, and coming at once at the very pith and marrow of what he has to say.

PROF. PARK'S REPLY TO DR. HODGE. We have received a pamphlet of forty-eight closely-printed pages, by Professor Park, of the Andover Theological Seminary, in reply to certain strictures which appeared in a recent number of the Princeton Review, and which are commonly attributed to Professor Hodge. Dr. Park's reply is written in good temper, and with rare ability.

LAVENGRO; *the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest.* By George Borrow. The previous works of Borrow—"Bible in Spain," "The Gipsies of Spain,"—were of a character to attract general attention to the announcement of the present volume, especially when it was understood to be substantially an autobiography of the author. It is republished by the Harpers, also by Putnam, and is for sale by Zieber. It is a work of intense interest.

THE CITY OF THE SILENT. This is the title of a very impressive and beautiful poem by W. Gilmore Simms, delivered at the consecration of "Magnolia Cemetery," near Charleston. It is a production worthy of the occasion and of the author, who is one of our most accomplished writers.

PRIMARY SCHOOL ARITHMETIC. By Horace Mann and Pliny E. Chase. *E. H. Butler & Co.* It augurs well for the good cause of popular education to see men of distinguished abilities engaged in preparing our most elementary schoolbooks. The time, we hope, has for ever gone by, when men of learning shall be occupied solely with treatises for the learned, and leave primers and spelling-books to be botched up by sciolists and pretenders. A higher order of ability should be required for a Primary Arithmetic intended for children of five, than for a textbook on the Calculus to be studied in college. Mr. Mann

has done well to bestow upon the preparation of this unpretending 18mo. some of the philosophy of education which he has acquired through so many years of the most enlarged and varied experience.

STEWART'S FREE MASON'S MANUAL. *E. H. Butler & Co.* The Rev. K. J. Stewart, the author of this treatise, is well known among the craft as an accomplished and erudite Mason. He has bestowed upon this work a large amount of research, and has availed himself of the various treatises and manuals set forth by authority from time to time, both in this country and in England. His work is intended as a companion for the initiated through all the degrees of Freemasonry, from that of the entered apprentice to the higher degrees of knighthood. It is embellished with more than one hundred engravings, illustrating the emblems and symbols of the order. Whether we consider the beauty and expressiveness of these illustrations, or the methodical and perspicuous arrangement and judicious selection of the matter, we regard it as altogether the best manual of Masonry that has ever been published in this country. It is the best exponent of the work as now practised in the United States, and of course the best guide to the members of the craft.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. By Grace Aguilar. *Appletons.* 2 vols., 12mo. The previous volumes of this accomplished writer have been works of fiction, and have been equally acceptable to people of all religions. In the present work, she addresses particularly her Jewish sisters, endeavouring to stir them up to high aims by a delineation of the characters of distinguished women whose lives are recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures. In that part of her second volume in which she describes the eminent Hebrew women contemporary with the advent of Christ, she necessarily treads upon delicate ground. She labours hard to prove that Christianity has done nothing to elevate the character of women, which Hebraism had not done, or cannot do, that the dispersion of the Jews and the destruction of their Temple, were not on account of their rejection of Jesus, as we "gentiles" affirm, but for other national sins. The work is written with much ability, and in an excellent spirit, but perhaps some care should be exercised as to its indiscriminate circulation.

SCENES AT HOME. By Mrs. Anna Bache. *James K. Simon. Philadelphia.* Mrs. Bache has contrived, under the fiction of a "Fire Screen" telling its history, to describe many curious scenes of domestic life. The plot is novel, and the scenes described are at once amusing and instructive.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA. By Theodore T. Johnston. *Lippincott, Grambo & Co.* Mr. Johnston's book contains, besides the description of what he himself saw in the gold region, a valuable appendix by Mr. Thurston, the delegate to Congress from that country, giving full instructions to emigrants by the overland route, with maps and engravings, also particulars in regard to the Oregon Land Bill, &c.

HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *Harpers.* The three volumes published by Mr. Hildreth, a year or more since, contain only the colonial and revolutionary history of the United States. Three other volumes are to constitute a "second series," and to embrace the history of the country from the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. The first volume of the second series, or volume fourth of the whole, has made its appearance. It is occupied exclusively with the administration of Washington, the most important for civil purposes, and yet the least known popularly, of all the periods in the history of this western world. We think Mr. Hildreth improves as he proceeds. We have read the third and fourth volumes with much more satisfaction than we did the first and second. The work lacks sadly some of the important qualities of a good history; and yet, it is an important addition to our national literature. We shall await its completion with much interest.

THE MYSTERIOUS FAILURE. *Lippincott, Grambo & Co.* Much insight into the moralities of trade is given in this

clever volume. The author has studied Philadelphia society, too, with some ability. As his story dates no further back than 1836, and he introduces actual, familiar occurrences, such as the Abolition Riots and the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, and actual people, such as Mr. Biddle, it has a very lively interest for Philadelphians.

ORNAMENTAL AND DOMESTIC POULTRY. By J. J. Kerr, M.D. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. This is truly called an "ornamental" book. The illustrations are among the finest specimens of woodcuts ever executed in this country. They consist of likenesses—portraits, they might be called—of some of the most approved specimens of farming and fancy poultry to be found in the United States. They were drawn from nature by Croome, the well-known artist of Philadelphia. The work should be in the hands not only of every farmer, but of all persons of small means living in the country, who would find it an invaluable guide in augmenting and improving their stock of poultry.

THE SHORTER CATECHISM ILLUSTRATED. By John Todd, D.D. Hopkins, Bridgeman & Co., Northampton. The readers of Sartain need not be told that Dr. Todd is one of our most acceptable writers. The same skill which was manifested in the "Doctor's Third Patient," is here employed in the invention of a series of stories, each illustrating some particular answer in the "Shorter Catechism." It is an admirable book to put into the hands of young persons of either sex.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA-SERPENT; OR THE ICHTHYOSAURUS. Cambridge; John Bartlett. We recollect having been called upon, not a century since, to review a poem, so called, in Spenserian stanza. The author had not the remotest conception of rhythm, but knew that the stanza referred to should have a certain number of lines, and each line a certain number of syllables. In reviewing his book, we quoted the title merely, without stating that it was a poem; and, after describing the contents, quoted a passage of considerable length, running it into a prose paragraph. We never heard that a single reader discovered the extract to be poetry, although there was a regularly recurring rhyme at the end of every tenth syllable! Now, the "Romance of the Sea-Serpent" is just the reverse of this. The author and printer have done their best to make it look like prose. It is printed in paragraphs like prose, and looks for all the world like Longfellow's Kavanagh. But we defy the thickest-tongued dolt that is out of his a-b-abs to read a page of the book aloud without perceiving himself, and making sensible to others, the rhythm of a most accomplished versifier. We hope the author will favour us with many more "fish" stories, of the same sort.

PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY, by Louis Agassiz and A. A. Gould; Gould & Lincoln, Boston. The design of the accomplished authors of this treatise is to furnish an epitome of the leading principles of zoology, as deduced from the present state of knowledge, so illustrated as to be intelligible to the beginner. The work is an opportune and highly valuable addition to our means of popular instruction. It is in a style and shape to fit it admirably for a school book. Prof. Agassiz, having himself commenced life as a schoolmaster, knows how to bring down his advanced knowledge into the proper shape suitable to such a purpose. For sale by Daniels & Smith.

THE OLD RED SANDSTONE, by Hugh Miller; Gould & Lincoln, Boston. Every one who has read the author's late work, "Footprints of the Creator," will hail with satisfaction an American edition of his earlier work, now reprinted by the same publishers. Hugh Miller is certainly one of the most remarkable writers of the day. His writings have a singular clearness and directness of statement, that almost force conviction, while his glowing and picturesque images, and the play of a most lively fancy, are a perpetual feast to the imagination. These qualities are the more acceptable, because they are so seldom found in works on this subject. "The Vestiges of Creation," was truly a most beautiful poem, and owed more than half of its pernicious effects to the seductive influences of its

style. It needed a man of Hugh Miller's peculiar combination of talents—a fervid imagination with a most resolute, hard-headed, John Knox-sort of sagacity—to do battle against that most insidious form of modern infidelity, known as the "Development Theory."

PAMPHLETS, SERIALS, &c.—*Shakespeare's Dramatic Works*, Nos. 33 and 34. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.—*Byrne's Dictionary of Mechanics*, Nos. 24 and 25. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by George S. Appleton, Philadelphia.—*Mercersburg Review*, for March, 1851.—*United States Coast Survey. Annual Report of the Superintendent*, Professor A. D. Bache.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, for February. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. For sale by Zieber.—*London Labour and the London Poor*. By Ira Mayhew. Harper & Brothers. In semi-monthly numbers. Part 1; 12½ cents.—*German without a master*, in six easy lessons, by A. H. Monteith. T. B. Peterson, 25 cents.—*A Letter to a Member of Congress*, by a Clerk.—*French without a Master*, by A. H. Monteith. T. B. Peterson; 25 cents.—*The Honourableness of Labour*; an Address before the New England Society of Brooklyn, by John Todd, D.D.—*The Initials*; a story of modern life, said to be "equal to Jane Eyre;" complete in one volume. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—*The Edinburgh Review* for January, 1851. Leonard Scott & Co., New York; for sale by Zieber.—*Southern Literary Messenger*, for March, for sale by Zieber.—*London Quarterly Review* for January, 1851. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. For sale by Zieber.—*Southern Quarterly Review* for January, edited by W. Gilmore Simms: Walker & Richards. Charleston.—*Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, by Benson J. Lossing. Harpers. No 12, completing Vol. I.—*North British Review*, for February. Leonard Scott & Co., New York; for sale by Zieber.—*Time, the Avenger*; by the author of "Lettice Arnold," &c. Harpers. 25 cents.

CORRECTION.

A late number of the *International* has the following paragraph:—

"Mr. Job R. Tyson, whose careful researches respecting the colonial history of Pennsylvania have illustrated his abilities and his predilections in this line, is about to proceed to Europe, for the consultation of certain documents connected with the subject, preparatory to the publication of his 'History of the American Colonies,' a work in which, doubtless, he will not be liable to the reproach of histories written by New Englanders,—that they exaggerate the virtues and the influence of the Puritans. Mr. Tyson is of the best stock of the Philadelphia Quakers, and the traditional fame of his party will not suffer in his hands."

The effect of such a notice, though evidently intended in the kindest spirit, is to prejudice a literary work of considerable labour, which has not been undertaken in a partisan spirit, but as a history. Mr. Tyson is of Quaker descent, but not, we believe, a Quaker either in theory or practice. Even if he were both, it would be a most insufficient and unphilosophical reason for attributing to a mind of the least elevation a prejudice against the movement and designs of the whole Puritan party. Indeed, he is known, among his friends, to entertain for that party a feeling of profound veneration. The forthcoming history is founded upon original materials, and does not repeat the facts or doctrines of the previous histories. The historical evidence throughout is carefully collated and scrutinized, and no fact is admitted without the sanction of competent authority to sustain it. Mr. Tyson has for a long time been one of the active workers in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, of which he is the Vice-President. He has contributed largely to its Transactions, as well as to those of the American Philosophical Society; and everything of his which has seen the light, thus far, gives the assurance that any History, bearing his name, will be conceived in a truly philosophical spirit, and will be, to use his own expressive language in his discourse before the Alumni of Dickinson College, "of no country, religion, or party."

MR. ELLSWORTH'S ENIGMA.

Our "defiance" seems to have taken effect. The solutions have been pouring in regularly every mail for some time past. We give a few, leaving the reader to "guess" of their correctness. The first is (will she oblige the Editor by communicating her real name and address?)

BY ELLA.

I see a *barb*, whose strength and power
His master trusts in war;
The faithful steed, rejoicing, "smells
The battle from afar."
He is as gentle as a lamb,
Obeying every word
The knight may speak; yet fears he not
The glittering spear or sword.
He's bold, and swift, and passive, too.
And oh! right well De Courcy knew,
If victory were lost,
His steed would be his only hope
(Unless he would his life give up),
Although his honour were the cost.
And as my noble *first* stood there,
Waiting his master, all alone,
The knight his narrow chamber paced,
Grasping the dark beard* that defaced
His manly countenance, which shone
With angry passion's glare.

(Here I suppose I'd better say
My second is the letter A.)

What of my last? Why need I tell
What each high-minded man
Has uttered, when his spirit felt
That in his living soul there dwelt
A strength, a power to do and dare,
And, doubting nothing, to declare
The bold, the free "I can!"

Such was De Courcy's high resolve,
When brooding o'er his wrong:
"I can my enemies o'ercome;
I can bring victory's laurels home:
At least, I can my foes involve
In warfare wild and long."
Alas for knighthood's honoured name!
Bereft of life, bereft of fame,
Back to the "*barbacan*" they bore
The man who late had seemed to soar
Above the chance of fate and war.
An arrow *barbed* had found its way
To where the pulse of life did play;
His noble steed was foundered,—dead!
With his last breath De Courcy said,
"I can no more."

II.

BY J. B. W., OF NEW ORLEANS.

Where the battle rages fiercest,
Where the charging squadrons speed,
With red and dripping sabre,
See De Courcy on his steed.—
That gallant *BARB* has borne him
In many a murderous fray;
And brought him safe from many a field
Bloody as this, to-day.

And bravely now he bears him
'Mid the din and crash of steel—
Crushing the fallen wounded,
With his iron armed heel.—

* *Barbe*.

Now he plunges madly onward!
See that deep cut in his head!—
He staggers—falls—De Courcy,
Thy gallant *BARB* is dead!

At the head of the alphabet,
The letter A is the first thing set.

Breathe but I CAN with earnestness,
With heart and will elate,
Weakness is strength—and distance nought,
And conquered even Fate.

De Courcy from the field was brought,
To his own castle's gate,
Where, ranged before the *BARBACAN*,
His liveried menials wait.
His battles all are ended now,
And the proud and haughty man
Lies in a narrow resting-place,
Beneath the *BARBACAN*.

III.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

A gallant "*Barb*," with patience long,
Did in the courtyard stand,
While far within his castle strong,
De Courcy brooded o'er his wrong,
And deadly vengeance planned.
His iron-gloved hand on "*barb*"-ed spear,
As if his deadliest foe were near!

Sudden he rose, all doubts defied—
"I can!" he grimly said,
Then left the hall with hasty stride,
And forth from "*Barbacan*" did ride—
Returned anon—but dead!
His "*Barb*" had foundered, and his foe—
With "*barb*"-ed spear had laid him low!

IV.

BY ADA MORRIS.

De Courcy buckled on his mail—
The warrior's steel-clad garb—
And grasped within his fearless hand,
His tried and trusty *Barb*.
His footsteps echoed through the hall—
He passed the castle gate,
And sought where, lonely in the yard,
His passive *Barb* did wait.
The war-horse knew his master's step,
And neighed in gentleness:
Then, fired to mingle in the throng
Of knights who round him pressed,
He pranced, a proud *Bucephalus*,
A thing of fiery life;
Eager to join the victory
And whirlwind of the strife.
His proud "*barb*" bore him to the field;
His sharp "*barb*" glittered by his shield.

A, alpha of the alphabet,
Between my first and last is set.

"Can" is the word of magic power,
Whose works astonish time,
The pass-word to the lofty tower
Where genius soars sublime—
What man has done, man still can do;
And soul and mind and purpose true,
Through Fate's dark serried ranks shall hew
To Victory sublime.
And he who breathes "I can," elate
With energetic will,

Shall find that Rapine, Wrong, and Hate,
Must own him master still.
Such foes had thronged De Courcy's way,
But now, to drive the brutes to bay,
Breathing "I can," he rode away.

But ah, upon De Courcy's fate,
A shadow dark and fearful sate.
Back to the *Barbacan* he came,
How worn and gashed and grim;
His bright hopes dimmed,—himself a wreck—
Life was no joy to him.
There walked the warder, to and fro,
The busy swallow circled slow,
Familiar voices whispered low,
But he to all was deaf.
His foundered "barb" had lost its pride—
The glittering "barb" had pierced his side—
Can on his pallid lips had died;
Alas, for hopes so brief!

* * * * *

The days are past, when might made right;
And man, at peace with man,
No longer wields the barb in fight,
Or rears the *BARBACAN*.

V.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

The trumpets are sounding:
Mount, and away!
Thy noble *barb* pranceth;
He pants for the fray.
Soon, as a whirlwind,
He'll sweep o'er the field,
And yet to thy guidance
Submissively yield.
Swift send the shining *barb*
Far through the air;
So shall the foeman
Cry out in despair.
Return to thy castle,
De Courcy, again;
Haste, haste, they are tracking
Thy steps o'er the plain.
Leave thy *barb* at the gateway,
Let strong bars be set;
But grasp thy *barb* firmly,
There's need of it yet.

"Between my first and last is set
A—first thing in the alphabet."

Foes are around him,
Dark is the way;
Oh, shall he perish
Ignobly to-day?
The strong lion graspeth
The bars in his rage;
If he can't "*find*, he'll *make* a way"
Out of his cage.
So De Courcy sprang up;
And the light in his eye
Told of courage and firmness
To conquer or die.
His *barb* was in waiting;
Upon it he sprang,
And on the air proudly
His clear accents rang:

"Why, why should I falter? I feel that I *can*
Escape from their toils and frustrate their plan."

Back to the *barbacan*
Came he once more;
A few old retainers
His feeble limbs bore.
There had the "warder walked,"
Ages ago;

Thence had his missiles
Been hurled at the foe.
De Courcy was dying,
His faithful *barb* fell;
The *barb* that then pierced him
Had done its work well.

And the heart and the lips that had murmured, "I *can*,"
Henceforth and for ever were pulseless and wan.

VI.

BY H. BARRY BROWNE.

There is a thing men love to press
Into a bleeding heart;
They say it only wounds to bless,—
They court the feathery dart.
Once it was used in Mars' proud ranks,
By men in iron garb;
Now, to the "pinky" god of pranks
They leave the gory *barb*.

I glanced upon your brilliant toy;
I said, "I'm not yet man;
But Time will aid the striving boy
Who boldly says, 'I *can*.'"
And then I'll put a letter small
Between my first and last,—
And straight I saw a castle wall,
And heard a warder's blast.

The *barbacan* has been a thing
Thought needful for defence;
But oh, there is a stronger wing
To shelter innocence.
Munitions all might fall to rust,
Would man but look above,
And place his warm and earnest trust
In the bright shield of Love.

VII.

BY M——S.

Before De Courcy's castle gates
The gallant *barb* his coming waits,
In battle-like array;
His stamping hoof, and eye of fire,
His short, impatient neigh,
Alike show his intense desire,
His ardour for the fray.

Down from the wall De Courcy takes
His barbed spear; and as he shakes
The weapon in his hand;
"Can I not crush the invading foes
Who dare my power to oppose,
And ravage all the land?
Determined will and knightly deed
Can win in spite of fate."
So saying, on his gallant steed
He rode away elate.
In his own strength what erring man
Shall thus confide, and say, "I *can*?"
Borne wounded to his *barbacan*,
De Courcy dying lies.
His *barb* by felon hands has died;
A spear has pierced him through the side;
His foes have conquered all beside;
And thus De Courcy dies.

VIII.

BY E. H. CHAPMAN.

De Courcy's *Barb* impatient stood,
"A thing of fiery life,"
And snorting proudly, as it would
Fain bear to deadly strife,

His master, whom in armour strong
His menials did array,
Then with his trusty sword along,
To the courtyard led the way.

Ho! ho! my noble, faithful steed,
My trusty *Barb* alway,
Now is De Courcy's hour of need,
Away—away—away!
Oh, brave De Courcy, thou art strong,
And mighty in thy might,
And thou wilt battle fierce and long,
For love, and fame, and right.

But all unlettered and unlearned,
As knights were in thy day,
Methinks thou never yet hast turned
One thought upon the letter *A*.
But what availeth learning's lore?
Leave that to cowed priest,

Bravely his shield and lance he bore,
And strode his noble beast.

And breathing vengeance, on he rode
"I can" he proudly cried;
"I can avenge me of my foes:
I can!" he gasped and died.
Slowly and sadly wended back,
That gay and glittering train,
Slowly and sadly came they back
Unto his *Barbacan*.

Unto that ancient *Barbacan*,
That fortress strong and grim,
De Courcy came a senseless man,
Powerless in life and limb.
And thus your first, by one false step,
Your last proved all in vain;
Your whole guard that strong castle keep,
An ancient *Barbacan*.

FASHIONS.

FIG. 1. *Morning Dress*.—Small Pompadour cap of Indian muslin and Valenciennes lace, ornamented over the ears with large clusters of light blue riband, with many round bows and two long ends, floating as brides. Two rows of the lace are fastened round the front, one falling back upon the muslin groundwork of the cap, and the other over the hair toward the forehead. Amazone chemisette, embroidered in columns of open work and satin stitch. Camisolle sack, à la *Montespan*, low on the shoulders and open to the waist, where it is fastened with a coque of riband similar to that upon the cap; trimmed in front and round the lower edge with three rows of embroidery, and edged with Valenciennes. Skirt trimming the same. Sleeves demi long, open, rounded in front, and fastened at the bend of the arm with coques of blue riband. Puffing undersleeves of muslin, closed by a drawing-string at the wrist, and edged with lace.

FIG. 2. Cap for a quite young lady; trimming of rose crape, and narrow black velvets.

FIG. 3. *Duchesse* cap; Pompadour lace; narrow velvet upon the crown.

FIG. 4. *Marie Stuart* cap; muslin, with bands of embroidery. Green riband, with black waves.

FIG. 5. Cap with round crown of Valenciennes lace. Inserting of Valenciennes and embroidery; bias of muslin lined with rose taffetas. Riband of rose taffetas.

FIG. 6. *Home Toilette*.—Cap composed of rows of narrow lace, placed one over the other, advancing well forward upon the forehead; on each side is a pretty round nœud of riband, with white ground plaided with stripes of bright colours, extending low behind, and mixing with the lace.

Hair in large puffed bandeaux, shown full over the temples by the retreating of the cap. Robe of striped cachemirienne; corsage with basquines or small skirts, and sleeves wide. Near the edge of the corsage, of the basquines, of the sleeves, and of the front of the skirt, are bayadères stripes of lively colours, scarlet and green, for instance. The stripes are rather less than one inch broad, and the border is a little more than two inches, the whole border being rather more than four inches broad. The shades are all lively; the corsage is open at the top, to show an ample embroidered collar, and volants of embroidery crossing the breast. The undersleeves have three rows of the embroidery. The skirt is open in front, over an underskirt embroidered in open work.

FIG. 7. *Visiting Toilette*.—Bonnet of white taffetas,

trimmed with application lace, and around the junction of the crown and face with taffetas edged with lace. Undertrimming of flowers and foliage; face open.

Robe of striped silk, drab ground, and rays of black and orange. Corsage high and plain, open in front nearly to the waist. Chemisette of tulle, with lace collar, and trimmed with volants of lace. Undersleeves *Loridon* of lace, to match. Skirt plain, of course.



FIG. 1.

MORNING DRESS.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Among the most striking novelties noticed in the late foreign journals of the mode, is that of triple skirts, which have somewhat the appearance of three

very deep flounces; but they are much more graceful, as they each fall independent of the other. The trimming of these skirts is as unique as they are themselves; they



FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

are each edged with three rows of quilled gauze riband, alternately white and pink. On each side of the two upper skirts are placed bouquets of roses.



FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

The constantly increasing favour of basques or body skirts to the corsages of robes, deserves attention. For the more simple costumes, especially for those of the morning, they are almost universally adopted. They are of many descriptions, and *Les Modes Parisiennes* predicts that in a short time there will be a very great variety of them.

Robes of silk are made with basques rather short, and slit in front into three parts, the openings being either round or square, according to the taste of the wearer.

The corsage is closed at the bottom in front, and the whalebones descend to this point, as in ordinary corsages. Other robes have longer basques, cut out all around into long square tongues; these tongues are edged with white lace, if the robe is of any light colour; but with black lace if the robe is deep-coloured. Ladies whose figure will admit of it, generally add another ornament as a head to the lace, consisting, sometimes, of a narrow riband gathered through the middle, and sometimes of narrow velvets. The fronts of the corsages of silk robes are made very open *en cœur*; the sleeves open and trimmed at the bottom; undersleeves sometimes fastened by a band at the wrist, but oftener open and flowing. The open corsages afford room for the exercise of good taste in the matter of fichus and chemisettes, which they require. Some of the new styles of this article are very beautiful. They are made either of lace or of muslin, or of muslin and lace. One of the prettiest and most admired, is a plastron, composed partly of embroidered muslin placed upright, and partly of volants of lace. The arrangement is this: a stripe of the muslin is placed for the middle, and on each side is a volant of lace, then on each side is placed another stripe of the muslin, and then again volants of lace.

We have figured several of the styles of caps most approved "for home." The prettiest coiffures for demi-toilette are caps composed of points, or falls, of English lace, fastened with floating ribands or bunches of flowers. There is a coiffure called the *mandarine*, which is very elegant for more elaborate toilette. It is composed of a kerchief of gold lace, the four points rounded; those on the side descend no lower than the ears, that behind covers the plait and reaches to the neck, and that in front extends to the parting of the bandeaux. The edge is in points, with three small gold beads at the end of each. Over each ear is a large bow of orange-coloured riband, broché with gold and having long flowing ends, terminated by a fringe of gold beads. Though a favourite style of arranging the front hair is in puffed bandeaux, the styles *Marie Stuart* and *Chambord* are perhaps most the mode; in the former, the hair is drawn back from the forehead, and in the latter it is parted and drawn toward the back and sides of the head over invisible rolls. The coiffure *Chambord* gives an open expression to the countenance which is very pleasing, but it is a style suited only to some, and absolutely disfiguring when it is unbecoming to the wearer. It therefore always requires an exercise of care and good taste to decide as to its adoption.

Respecting the matter of fashion and dress in general, and of the wisdom or folly of devoting much attention to it, there are a few remarks in one of the late foreign journals which we cannot resist giving our readers. They contain much that is true and apropos, while at the same time we would be unwilling to approve all their expressions and sentiments. "From ancient to modern times," says our writer, "from the date of the fig-tree to our day, the science of clothing has justly occupied the largest share of the attention of the human kind. The purple garments of Tyre, the coat-armour of chivalrous ages, the importance of the clothiers of England at a later era, are but periodical glimpses of a subject which has engrossed the energies of the world throughout all ages. Ignorance may confound or confuse us in tracing these circumstances, but it is impossible to shut our eyes to the general truth. What was Solomon, in all his glory, but a fashionable Jew monarch? What were knights and warriors, but persons rendered stout and valiant by wearing fashionable-coats of mail? Love of dress is the first great inherent principle of our natures, the only certain innate idea implanted in our bosoms. Not to speak of misses with their earliest fine shoes and frocks, look at the boy first breeched. Does not that event constitute the proudest moment of his life?—far prouder than is boasted by the orator when his health is drunk, or he receives a vote of thanks, and, forgetful of the truly proudest epoch of his existence, idly and erroneously attributes it to a later glory." A. B. C.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

VISITING TOILETTE.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE—INCREASE OF READING MATTER.

With the July number of Sartain's Magazine, the publishers commence the Ninth volume. Encouraged by past success, and relying, as they have always done, upon a discriminating and intelligent reading community, they propose in the forthcoming volume *greatly to enlarge the literary department of the work*—to engage none but the best writers—to aim, in short, at the cultivation of a

NATIONAL LITERATURE,

and that of the very highest order. In addition to the host of able writers who have already enriched the Magazine, they will, in the next volume, publish some of the most brilliant articles by

NEW AUTHORS

that have ever appeared in any Magazine.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

The first of these will appear in the July number. The Premium Committee, Dr. Reynell Coates, Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, and George H. Boker, Esq., have commenced reading the large mass of manuscripts submitted, and will give their decision *early in May*. The policy adopted by this Magazine, of giving **THE BEST, BOTH IN LITERATURE AND ART**, has established it in public confidence, gradually widening its influence and extending its circulation. The present publishers, since it came into their possession, have increased the size of the work from 48 to 64 pages, monthly, besides publishing many numbers during the year with extra pages. For the new volume, arrangements have been made by which a *still further increase of reading matter* will be given. They intend to make the work

A GREAT NATIONAL MAGAZINE:

and they confidently rely on the merit of its literary matter, and the excellency of its illustrations, for a still wider support.

The volume is to make its appearance in an entirely new and beautiful type, on the finest white paper, and with embellishments unsurpassed. The voice of the public press, while it places Sartain's Magazine at the head of American Literature, is unanimous in the announcement, that no work ever started in the country, has been so elegantly or so profusely embellished.

THE LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS,

as they appear in the English and French journals devoted to that subject, are immediately transferred to this work upon their reception, ahead of all others, and accompanied with full and intelligible letter-press descriptions.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The series of Scriptural illustrations commenced in January last, under the editorial supervision of John Todd, D.D., which have given such universal satisfaction, will be continued. As each article is separate and distinct from those which preceded it, subscribers can commence in July without having a continuation of articles which appeared in a previous number. Under no circumstances will a continuous story be run from one volume to another. As we stereotyped the earlier numbers of the present year, we can supply the back numbers from January when preferred.

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

By the new postage law, which goes into operation on the 1st of July next, *the postage on this Magazine will be greatly reduced*. With our proposed increase of reading matter, the postage under the old law would have been eight cents on each Number for all distances. Under the new law the following will be the rates, viz.

Under 500 miles,	-	-	-	-	-	2½ cents.
Over 500 miles and under 1500 miles,	-	-	-	-	-	5 "
Over 1500 " " " 2500 "	-	-	-	-	-	7½ "
Over 2500 " " " 3500 "	-	-	-	-	-	10 "

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THE LAW OF PERIODICALS.

We have found in one of our exchanges the following in relation to "*the Law of Newspapers.*" The law applies equally to Monthly Periodicals.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible *till they have settled the bill* and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.